THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARGARET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. L. J. RITTENHOUSE.

When you passed me yesterday,
Deigning not to look that way,
Did you know that I was near,
And with all your coldness, fear
Just to meet my earnest gaze,
Lest some thought of other days
Should defy you to forget
What we *have* been, Margaret?

Did your memory like a dream,
Bring before you then a gleam
Of a farmhouse white and small;
Where the brightest sunbeams fall;
Where the woodbine clambers up,
Holding many a dainty cup,
Filled with incense sweeter yet
Than all others, Margaret?

Did you see the roses white,
And the red ones, where one night
'Neath the solemn light of stars,
Shadows held us in their bars,
And the soft winds floating by,
Heard us vowing—you and I,
That our love should never set,
While life lasted, Margaret?

Are your hot house flowers as sweet
As the ones that kissed your feet?
Do your prisoned birds e'er sing
Like the wild ones on the wing?
Will your wealth and station pay
For the true heart cast away?
Does no wild remorse, regret,
Prey upon you, Margaret?

Turn your head away in scorn,
Rich in gold—in heart forlorn;
Mingle with the heartless, gay;
Laugh and jest and ne'er betray
Through your mask of calm, cold pride,
How your aching heart is tried;
Yet through all life's tangled net,
You shall *love me*, Margaret.

Cairo, Ill.

MY STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

The door had closed upon the last of our guests, and I stood looking idly down into the fire.

My aunt spoke from the depths of her arm-chair:

"That man will be my nephew."

"Which man, aunt?" I said, suddenly wheeling round and facing the door, as if expecting to see some person who had entered unaware.

"The man who has just left us."

"Oh! Mr. Claymore. And which of your numerous nieces do you intend honoring with this gentleman's hand?"

"Nonsense, my dear! You know that I have but one niece, and you know it is *you* I mean will marry this man."

"Really, aunt, this is very interesting and romantic, but I must object to being disposed of in this summary manner, however worthy the object and good your intention. I presume, from the manner in which you speak, you have had a prophetic vision, in which you saw the noble Mr. C. upon his knees claiming my hand, while you stood waiting to pronounce the 'Bless you, bless you, my children!' Very pretty, indeed, aunt, and very kind of you; but again I say I prefer ordering my own fate in this matter."

"And pray why do you object to Mr. Claymore? He is a fine-looking man."

"I have seen handsomer."

"He is noble."

"I know quite as good."

"He is attentive."

"Very awkward at putting on one's shawl."

"He is rich."

"So are others."

"He loved your father."

"No need to love the daughter."

"Upon my word, Jean, you are exceedingly provoking!" cried my aunt, leaning back in her chair, and frowning upon me. "Here you have a rare piece of fortune within your reach, and you turn your back upon it. You do not pretend to say you have not seen this all along, just as well as I? A man of more than ordinary worth shows you, day after day, by word, glance, and action, that he values you as a woman should be proud to be valued, and yet you prefer the society of men inferior in all respects."

"I have to bemoan my perverted taste, aunt, but as Mr. Claymore is evidently your ideal, why don't you marry him yourself?"

My aunt's inclination at this moment seemed to be to box my ears, but her reply was simply:

"Do be serious!"

"Well, then, to be serious. I think I'm o'er young to marry yet; and while I admit many friendly attentions on the part of the gentleman in question, and hold him in the highest esteem, I think him a trifle too old, and a trifle too grave for me. Besides, I cannot say that I have ever observed anything on his part indicating warmer feelings than those of friendship. I think, my wisest little aunt, you are mistaken in this matter."

"No," said my aunt, positively; "I am not mistaken. Evening after evening, that it has fallen to me to entertain him while you were occupied with younger and gayer men, in spite of his politeness and deference to my years, I could observe his attention wandering; and when you thoughtlessly appealed to him in some trifling question, I have seen a sudden start and color which he could not conceal. My perceptive faculties are good, child; that man loves you as you will never be loved by any other. Take my advice, and do not slight him."

"Well," I said, yawning, "I think I will go to bed and dream about it; it may be all quite plain in the morning, just as my lessons used to come right when I put my books under my pillow, in my days of study."

I leaned over my aunt's chair for a good-night kiss, and looking into her eyes, I said:

"What do you think, aunt? You look not quite satisfied."

"I think," she replied, "you are very pretty and very silly."

"A flattering combination," I said, laughing. "Nevertheless, as you are so deeply interested in my future, I am entirely at your mercy, and cannot afford to quarrel with you; therefore, my best friend, good night!"

When I went to my room, I fell to musing upon what I had just heard. I own it surprised me. Here was a man who had been my father's friend, and had known me from my childhood; who had witnessed all my outbreaks of temper, and, in common with others, had been the victim of my petty whims as a spoiled child—suddenly turned into a lover. I wondered at it. It was something new, strange, and exciting. Heretofore I had never thought of love; I received the admiration and attention of many in the light, gay spirit of a girl just entering society. I never questioned whether, of all surrounding me, there was one whose presence was more looked for than another as yet. All was fresh and charming, and I flitted about idly, unmindful that there was bitter or sweet I must one day taste.

I glanced in my glass, and it said, as my aunt had said, "Very pretty." Yes, I was pretty, though after no particular type or style. A fresh, glowing face, with hazel eyes, and blooming lips, and brown hair that was rich and abundant. A figure tall and well developed, and a movement light and glancing.

I liked to be pretty, not for the sake of admiration, but because my nature sought and required all that was bright and fair. I was conscious of my beauty only to be *happy* in the possession of it. Strange as it may seem, I had felt no vanity in the thought that others might think me fair. Indeed, I had been indifferent as to whether I were considered so; but as I admired a flower, or any other lovely thing, so I could not help rejoicing that I possessed a beautiful face. But perhaps, for the first time in my life, I felt a little thrill of triumph in the thought that the glow of my cheeks and the light in my eyes might stir some heart. Might! —nay, *had*, if what my aunt said were true. "Heigh-ho!" I said to myself lightly. "I suppose my time has come to look to these things." I went to bed, and slept that sweet, dreamless sleep which comes to the young, happy, and healthy.

When we met at breakfast next morning, my aunt said not a word upon the subject which she had agitated, and having failed to dream upon it, I also was silent.

In the evening Mr. Claymore called, and, as it happened, was our only visitor.

During papa's lifetime he had spent much time at our house; and now it seemed only natural to see him; and if his visits grew more frequent, I had only attributed it to sympathy for us in our lonely condition, for we were comparative strangers in the town.

He had, indeed, proved himself worthy the high confidence papa had placed in him. In looking back now, I wonder how it would have been if we had not had his earnest sympathy, his untiring attention, and his true counsel.

My aunt sat knitting, and Mr. Claymore drew his chair near to her, as was his custom.

"I protest against my aunt's monopoly of your society every evening, Mr. Claymore," I said. "I insist that you be entertained by me, and me only, this evening."

"I gratefully accept the honor, Miss Jean, and more particularly as it is so rare."

My aunt looked sharply at me, but appearing quite unconscious, I glided into a light, easy conversation. My companion had assumed a new character, and I accordingly set myself to the study thereof. I well remembered, as a child, demanding his attention, and claiming his interest, in this same way; and how, for hours, he allowed himself to be led whither I would, by my childish talk.

"This reminds me of our old life at Brakewood," I said in a pause in the conversation. "Ah! what happy days those were; there can come no more such."

"No, and it is well there cannot," replied Mr. Claymore. "Such enjoyment could no longer satisfy you."

"It has not been so long ago, that I can have changed so much. I am sure I am quite as much of a child as ever."

"In some things, granted, but in the main you are quite a different creature in these four years. In fact, the change is occurring daily—nay, momentarily, and, for this reason, is imperceptible. The ocean recedes, and leaves the beach, to all appearances, quite the same, but in reality every ebb and flow has had its effect in tending to that great change in formation which in years will surprise us all."

"What change, thus far, have you observed in me?" I asked.

"I observe, in the first place," said Mr. Claymore, looking intently at me, "that many of your old whims and caprices have been laid aside."

"Only to take up others," I interrupted; "go on."

He smiled.

"You have dropped your former pursuits and tastes."

"And taken to some more dangerous, though not the less delightful," I chimed in.

"Your mind is maturing, your heart is deepening, and you are fast approaching that age when your character will come forth moulded and colored according to the influences you are now receiving. Lastly, instead of the pretty child, you are now the beautiful woman."

"I am sorry my aunt has lost all this," I said lightly; for that lady had folded her delicate hands over her knitting and fallen asleep.

"You are a wonderfully close observer, Mr. Claymore, and I dare say you are quite correct; indeed I am sure already I feel the advancing steps of time, and anticipate the impression they will leave. In future, I will watch myself closely, it will be so curious, and I shall be anxious to know how it will end. Ah, 'A hundred years to come!'" I sighed, rising and going to the piano. Mr. Claymore came and stood beside me.

"I would scarcely dare venture upon one of my old songs," I said, laughing; "I am afraid I might not do it justice after all these many days."

"I beg you will," he said. Gathering up a handful of keys, I scattered them in the sweet notes of a favorite ballad.

On finishing I looked up and asked—"Do you find my voice also changed?"

"Yes," he said in a low tone, "it seemed never so sweet as to-night."

After this I sang no more, but broke into a gay, noisy polka which awoke my aunt.

"Dear me," she said, "how stupid I have been to sleep; really, Mr. Claymore, I hope you will excuse me."

"Don't trouble yourself, aunt, Mr. Claymore was not aware that you had passed into the land of shadows and strange shapes till I called his attention to the fact. You lost an interesting conversation, however. When your eyes have become accustomed to the present light, I request you will look at your niece and say if you observe any change in her since you took your little sojourn in the land of sleep." Mr. Claymore looked amused.

"I observe a marked change since *last night*," said my aunt, significantly.

"A triumph for you, Mr. Claymore!" I cried, quite ignoring her meaning. "But I had almost forgotten Mrs. Lacey's party for to-morrow evening. Will you be at liberty to accompany us?"

"I am at your service," he replied; and after some more trifling conversation took leave. When he had gone I said, "Aunt, I am sleepy;" and then catching her puzzled expression, I laughed outright.

"Now don't begin to scold. Last night you rated me for indifference; to-night, like a dutiful girl as I am, I have been interested and agreeable—what more would you have?"

"Ah, you are so trifling, Jean, you don't know what you are about."

"True," I replied, "this thing is yet new to me, and I may blunder a little at first, but I find it so pleasant that I am determined to persevere in the practice till I become proficient in the art."

"I see," she said, "I have simply aroused in you a spirit of coquetry; I now wish I had not mentioned the matter at all, but had left it for time to bring to light."

"I hope," I retorted with affected gravity, "I will not bring any discredit on your prematurely disclosed plans."

"Go to bed, child, go to bed," said she, tapping my cheek with her fan, and I left the room humming "Love's young dream."

Our means were limited, so it is not to be supposed my wardrobe afforded a great variety. Still, I did not trouble myself much about the matter of dress; a few serio-comic sighs were all I expended, when a party was announced, and a fresh dress wanting. I had the happy knack of being able to alter my appearance by a few touches; and an old garment was made to pass through an infinite variety and number of changes before it was discarded.

"Aunt," I said, "after a careful examination of the costly contents of my wardrobe, I have selected an India muslin; and now, as to the question of ornament."

"There are my pearls," said my aunt.

"I am too bright for pearls, they would be thrown away upon me; they belong to the fair, and more delicate style of beauty."

"Well, what about ribbons?"

"Ribbons are too stiff, I'll have none o' them; I think I will wear flowers—yes, flowers it shall be."

When evening came, Mr. Claymore made his appearance before I had finished my toilet. "I wonder what he will think of my dress," I thought, as I fastened some flowers at the throat. "Now if it were Stanhope—he knows so well about these things."

I ran lightly down to the parlor, and sweeping a curtsey before the grave figure standing by the fire, I looked up to note the effect of my appearance. He started slightly, and bowed a mock return to my salutation; and then going to the table took from a vase a tiny bouquet of delicate flowers.

"How lovely! this is a beautiful improvement on the stiff, heavy things that generally rest in the hands like burdens. How could you so well guess my taste?"

"You will remember we discoursed on flowers, among others subjects, in the days gone by."

"This man has a graceful memory," I thought; and I half forgave him that he said not a word about my dress.

It was a large and brilliant party, and we were almost the last arrivals. I was soon surrounded by my friends, Mr. Stanhope foremost among the number.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" I asked him.

"Oh, my enjoyment has been all in anticipation; I have been pleasantly occupied in awaiting your arrival. What a rare little bouquet you have, it is the gem of the evening; and allow me to say your dress forms the same charming contrast to the other dresses, that your flowers do to the other flowers. You will certainly be welcomed as a relief in the room; you will observe there is too much color and ornament. But there is the music for a waltz, let us float in the dreamy measure."

Stanhope was very handsome, and an agreeable companion, and moreover the best dancer in the room. I observed that not a few bright eyes followed us in the dance. For a while I lost sight of Mr. Claymore and my aunt, but afterward came upon them in the supper-room.

I was in brilliant spirits; mine was a nature to be colored by all scenes of gayety in which I might move. In the midst of a gay conversation I said to Mr. Stanhope,

"Mr. Claymore thinks us very gay, I suppose."

"So we are," he laughed, looking across the room to where my aunt stood receiving her companion's attentions in her elegant, old-fashioned manner. "They are a handsome couple," he said; "what a pity your aunt is in the advanced ranks—they would make a noble match, I think. He is always very attentive to her, is he not?"

"Very!" I said, nibbling industriously at a bit of candied fruit to keep from laughing. "Mr. Claymore is my aunt's ideal of a good and great man. I think myself he is of royal stuff."

"He is certainly very mighty in his manner at times," returned Stanhope; "he can make a fellow feel confoundedly insignificant."

"Why, have you ever experienced any shrinking up in his presence?"

"Haven't I, though?" he laughed; "my stature would be considerably nobler this night if it were not for that man."

"Stanhope," said Mr. Lacey, coming up after a polka, "if you wish to save your companion from the enmity of several lovely ladies present, you will leave her, and engage yourself to some one else for the next dance. I can assure you, Miss Chance, things are beginning to look serious because of you two."

"Go, Mr. Stanhope," I said.

"Never!" he replied in a tragic voice.

Nevertheless I took Mr. Lacey's arm, and left him, nodding a smiling adieu. We crossed the room, to where my aunt, with several dowager-like ladies were standing.

"Jean, you have been dancing without rhyme reason," said my aunt.

"Where is Claymore?" asked Mr. Lacey, "I intend giving this young lady into his care."

Mr. Claymore was a few yards in the distance, with a dark-eyed beauty in a purple, mist-like dress, hanging upon his arm.

"That is little Miss Clavel," said a dowager in blue brocade, following the direction of my eyes. "Dressed in fine taste, isn't she?—the night-shade in her hair suits her dark, dreamy-looking face, exactly."

I spent the remainder of the evening in a corner, devoting myself to the scrutiny of those about me. When we were hooded and cloaked for our departure, Stanhope rushed up hurriedly.

"What I have suffered for your sweet sake?" he broke forth.

"I am glad you have acquitted yourself so nobly," I replied, laughing.

"What is it all about?" asked Mr. Claymore.

"Oh, only this:—I danced with Miss Chance several times in succession, and Mrs. Grundy talked of the matter, and then we were cruelly separated, and I was obliged to do penance in the way of dancing and flirting with every single lady present."

"You appear to have borne it remarkably well."

"Ah, so you think, Claymore; but I am not a man to cry my griefs aloud."

On our way to the carriage, I accepted Mr. Stanhope's arm, though Mr. Claymore had offered his at the same time. I saw that the latter looked a little pained, while my aunt frowned, visibly.

Though Mr. Claymore continued to visit us regularly, in spite of all my aunt had said, I could not observe any change in his manner toward me. He was very noble, and I did not fail to appreciate his good qualities, and I really enjoyed his society, but he had never declared his love, and if he had, I could not have returned it. My aunt said I was carrying on a flirtation with him and with Mr. Stanhope, and accordingly she attacked me on the subject in this wise—

"How long do you intend keeping up this state of affairs, Jean?"

"What state of affairs, aunt?"

"Don't profess ignorance—you know I mean your treatment of those two gentlemen."

"Really, aunt, I see nothing objectionable in my conduct; so long as they are disposed to be agreeable, I certainly cannot be otherwise."

"Well, to my mind you are simply amusing yourself."

"Why what would you have me do, aunt?"

"I would have you act consistently! I am sure Mr. Claymore is only kept from speaking by your uncertain manner."

"Then I will be more uncertain than ever, for I do not want him to speak; and I must tell you, aunt, you may forever give up your pet plan of making a match between us, for I do not love him, and never will."

My aunt was thoughtful a few moments, and then said—

"If you knew what you owed him—"

"Owe him! why I owe him respect and friendship, of course, and I give him both."

"My dear child, I am afraid you don't know what a friend Mr. Claymore has been to us. Are you aware that at your father's death we were left utterly penniless?"

I started, and stammered—

"What do you mean? How do we live?"

"Perhaps you should have known it before," said my aunt, "but Mr. Claymore thought it should be forever kept secret from you; only your conduct towards him has induced me to speak of this.

"After your mother's death, your father settled down at Brakewood, devoting himself to his books and you. His energy died with your mother, and he sank into a dreamer, living only in worlds created by writers. He appeared happy in his way, and never seemed to think that the child he so much loved, must one day make up for his lack of interest in life. I think he had some vague idea that you were to go through life free from all those vexations and cares which are common to all. Brakewood was his only property, and it was heavily mortgaged. I often remonstrated with him on his peculiar mode of life, but without effect. Living in such retirement, our wants were necessarily few, but even as it was, our household arrangements were very much straitened. When he became ill, his thoughts instantly reverted to the prospect before you. It was a few days before his death, when Mr. Claymore held a conversation with him, which relieved his mind. It was not till all was over, that I understood about it. Seeing your father's anxiety, Mr. Claymore had begged him to leave his affairs entirely in his hands. He said, in return for his long friendship, he wished to be allowed to care for us through our lives. He said his years and long standing acquaintance warranted his doing this, and that you should never know you were receiving anything at his hands. Your father consented, knowing the honor of the man in whom he reposed this peculiar trust; and at the same time begged me to consent for your sake. Do not blame me, child; you were too young, and had been too carefully reared, to be thrown suddenly upon the world. Mr. Claymore has acted all along so as to prevent your suspicions; indeed his delicacy throughout has been extreme. He said he dreaded your proud spirit would not brook this even from an old friend."

"He is right!" I broke in, passionately. "Oh, how cruelly you have deceived me, aunt! How could you have allowed this? I would rather have died than accepted this at any man's hands. And *this* has been your anxiety? and perhaps it is for this you would have me marry him. Truly, as you say, I owe him a debt—such a debt! I suppose he thinks he has a right to my favor, because of what he has done for me."

"Stop, stop!" cried my aunt. "I feared how it would be, but I cannot allow you to do him injustice; a more honorable man never lived. He never meant to take advantage of your love, and I am sure would rather forego it than sacrifice his principles. I hope you will look at it in the right light."

"I will," I replied firmly. "You meant well, aunt, but it was misjudged kindness—not worthy you nor me. I am glad, however, I now know all, so that we may redeem ourselves from the unworthy position we now occupy."

"What do you mean?" asked my aunt.

"I mean that our present life must cease. I cannot consent to be fed and clothed by one upon whom I have no claim. Oh, how humiliating the thought is! I am young and strong, and have sufficient education and spirit to earn my bread, as many better women have done. This day begins a new era in my existence. Mr. Claymore will perhaps call this evening, when I must see him."

My aunt would have remonstrated, but I would

not listen. Finally, crossing the room, she kissed my cheek, and I observed tears in her eyes.

"Jean," she said, "we will never be separated; my brother's child is all I have in life. You shall do as you think best."

The day passed heavily enough, and evening found me with feverish impatience awaiting Mr. Claymore. I was sitting in the parlor, before the fire, when he came, and I did not raise my head as he entered.

"You make quite a picture in the fire-light," he said, looking down at me.

"Not a pleasant picture, then," I said, looking up.

"Nay, I am disposed to dispute that; but"—catching a glimpse of my face—"you are in trouble; you are sick?"

He drew a chair beside me, and leaning slightly toward me, waited my reply.

I was never good at concealment, my joys or sorrows must always find voice; so I turned upon him a flushed, excited face, and broke forth—

"Yes, I am in trouble; you have all deceived me. Why did you not tell me I was a beggar, dependant upon your charity? I did not think you could have done this. Papa was not responsible for his part in the matter, and my aunt was weak to have allowed it. She told me all to-day; you did wrong; you should have known how bitterly I would resent it." I paused, and looked in his face, it was quite pale.

"Forgive me," he said, quietly, "I meant it all in honor and friendship. I thought you might have allowed me this trifling privilege, as your father's friend, and your own. I only considered I took your father's place, and intended toward you as I could have wished some one might deal toward mine. You owe me nothing, while I have been the recipient of many favors and much kindness at your hands. It was only a pleasure I had promised myself, and you deny me. Again, I can only say, you must forgive me."

"You have made me to despise myself," I said; "to-morrow I must stand forth and explain to my friends the peculiar circumstances under which I have been living; for to-morrow I will decide upon my future."

He arose in some agitation.

"So this is your decision?"

"It is," I said. "Do you think I could still live on in this way? It would kill me."

"I will leave you now," said he, "but to-morrow you will talk with me yet further upon this subject."

I did not speak, I knew I had no more to say. He waited for a moment, and then touching my hand, was gone.

I arose, and went slowly to my aunt's room. She had gone to bed, feeling weary, she said.

"What terms have you agreed upon with Mr. Claymore?" she asked, as I stood silent.

"Terms!" I replied, indignantly, "the terms between us two are enmity, forever."

"I feared as much," she sighed; "but whatever your feelings toward him may be, he will never be any other than your best friend. Child, child, your pride and passion are carrying you you know not whither. Retain this man as your friend, you will need him in years to come."

I would not answer, but leaned over and kissed her.

"One thing more, Jean; you are not angry with me?"

"Oh, aunt, don't talk to me so!" I cried. "I have been but a faulty, wayward girl all my life, while you have borne with me in love and patience."

I laid my cheek on the pillow beside hers for a moment, and then with another good-night, went to my room.

Restless with the thought of the change which was about to take place in my life, I could not sleep.

I had been in bed perhaps two hours, when my aunt's bell was rung sharply. Starting in affright, I ran to her room. I called out as I entered, but received only a moan in reply. With difficulty I procured a light, and approaching the bedside, I saw that she was partly raised upon the pillows, and breathing with difficulty: while I yet looked, she fell suddenly back. I thought she had fainted; and arousing our only servant, I dispatched her for a physician, while I applied such remedies as I could think of.

It appeared hours before the doctor arrived. When he looked at my aunt's face he started, and asked me some questions as to her previous health; then taking a glass from his pocket, he held it to her face. A second elapsed, like an age, while I breathlessly watched him. When he raised his face, he said in a low voice, putting his hand upon my arm—"She is gone!"—it was her heart. I remember looking appealingly in his face, making an effort to speak, and in the stillness I heard our old servant sob. Then all suddenly slipped away, and consciousness was not renewed till morning.

I felt tears dropping upon my face, as my lost senses slowly returned, and opening my eyes, I found Mrs. Lacey bending over me. I lay quite still; I knew all that had happened; it came back as quickly as it had gone, but I neither moaned nor cried, the blow had been so great as to prostrate me. I heard the sound of callers at the door, and soft steps and whispers on the stairs, but I made no movement of surprise nor pain. Those two or three days with that strange shadow resting upon them, which are the longest in our life, passed away. Some one thought for me, some one acted for me, and I remained painfully passive. But when my face, bright and soft with the hues of life, touched that one which was rigid and colorless in death, my grief broke its chain, and held passionate sway.

When all was over, Mrs. Lacey insisted upon taking me home with her, but I could not consent for a little while. Honoring my wishes, she left me, to return the next day.

I was sitting alone in the evening, when Mr. Claymore was announced. I met him silently, and while he held my hands in his he said with yearning pity—

"It is too much for you; I wish I could bear it all for you!"

"After a while," I said with trembling lips, "after a while I will grow stronger—now I seem scarcely able to think."

"Do not try to think," he replied; "give yourself up to be taken care of for the present, you need rest."

"No, rest is not good for me. I would sink if I sat quietly down. I want something in the place of that which I have lost; some impulse, some motive must come to me. I am no longer quite the same person; I require a different life. How ignorant I am! life seems for the first time to stare me in the face; heretofore some one has lived for me—now I am pushed out like a fledgeling to try for my own destiny."

"Jean—Miss Chance," said my companion, "I may pain you, but I must speak. A few evenings since, you rejected me as a friend. Now I do not again offer you friendship, but that which you so much more need—love. I know you do not love me, but I ask you to be my wife, to let me care for you as I only can; let me save you from the uncertain future. I do not ask much, only your confidence and esteem; I would even dare to hope that in time a warmer feeling might grow. You are young and fresh, I much older and older than my years. Left an orphan when a boy, I was coldly received by distant relatives. I struggled through life quite alone, no one to care whether I lived or died, succeeded or failed. Yet I think the very indifference I met, served to determine my character.

"I resolved I would succeed, and one day be such as these people should smile upon. In time, every wave which for years had gone over me, subsided, and I became a rich and honored man.

"I was yet only making my way up, when I met your father in London, where I was on business. He was the first man who ever met me upon that common level on which all men should meet. He had travelled and read much, our tastes and sympathies were alike, and being thrown much into each other's society we soon became firm friends.

"You remember my visits at Brakewood? they were the first gleams of brightness in my dark life. I was then a man of ease, and after buffeting with the world so long, I eagerly caught at rest and happiness. You were a little child when I first saw you, at first shy of me, a stranger, but afterward free in my presence. In common with your father and aunt, I soon became the sharer in all your childish plans, the sympathiser in your petty joys and sorrows. Ah, you do not know what you were to me then, nor what you have been since. All the love which had lain in my heart as a hidden mine, was suddenly discovered at your presence. You may have thought me cold and grave, and sometimes indifferent;—why all your little words and actions are indelibly stamped on my inner heart. The nosegays you gathered in the woods and laughingly pinned to my coat, are the dearest treasures I now hold.

"I never asked myself how it was all to end, I was satisfied to see and hear you day after day. If any thoughts of the time when you should be a woman, and leave the little circle where you then reigned, for a larger sphere, came up, I put it aside, as something I would not yet think about.

"You know all the rest. It has been that part wherein I have incurred your bitter displeasure. I ask you to forget this, and offer you home, rest, and love. You need these. You may not think so, but you do. You can make my lonely life to brighten and bloom, if you will. Have you listened to me?"

I had listened, with my face averted and my tears dropping. No woman can listen unmoved to the story of a man's life and love, however indifferent to him she may be. I knew well the worth of the man I was about to refuse, and it pained me to pain him. He had risen, and was quietly pacing the floor with bent head. My aunt's words flashed across my mind—"Retain this man as your friend." A little feeling of softness rose, but I knew it was not love, so my pride came up and crushed it. No—though lonely, poor, and friendless, I would never take advantage of such generosity. Already I scorned myself that he had done so much for me. The world should never say I married merely to continue the comforts I had always known.

"You are silent," he said, pausing in his walk. "Am I to hope from this?"

"No," I said slowly—"it cannot be. I do not love you, and if I did I could not marry you, because of the recollection of all I have received at your hands. You are a noble friend—better than I have ever deserved. You are anxious to spare me; I think it is even more *pity* than love which moves you to this offer. But be it as it may, I will never take advantage of it."

He faced me suddenly.

"You do not understand me—you never will," he said warmly. "In years to come you may think with regret of that which you now recklessly throw away."

We were both silent; and when he again spoke, it was to ask, in his usual natural tone, if he might hear my plans.

"I had thought," I replied, "of seeking employment as a governess—not a very enviable life, but the only one suited to me, as I was without a home."

A look of pain crossed his face.

"At least you will not take any steps for a time," he said. "You will give yourself time for rest and thought?"

"To-morrow I must look into my new life."

Silence again fell, and presently he rose to go. Standing by my side, he suddenly took my hand and carried it to his lips, and then, in a voice which bore the sound of strong restraint, he said:

"I would have given the world for this."

I was glad when the interview was over. Altogether it had been most painful, and I could not feel otherwise than unhappy.

The next day I paid a visit to Mrs. Lacey, before she had time to call upon me. She showed evident signs of surprise at my intended plans. I explained to her that my aunt had died without any other than personal effects; consequently I was left to my own exertions. With all the warmth of a generous nature, she begged me to accept a home in her family. Finding I could not be induced to accept it, she promised to interest herself in my behalf, only stipulating that I should remain with her till I found employment. I saw Mr. Claymore and Mr. Stanhope frequently. The former was grave and thoughtful as usual. A week had elapsed, and one day Mrs. Lacey brought me the welcome intelligence of a situation she thought might suit me. It was two miles out of town, and we rode out there together. An elegant, old-fashioned place it was, finely situated.

I was not quite prepossessed with the manner of Mrs. Gloser; she was a trifle too condescending. However, I was prepared for much that was not pleasant; so, with a little inward sigh, I submitted to be questioned and patronized.

I was to teach her two youngest children, girls of eight and ten years, and they were brought in to face that terror in the shape of a new governess. Pale, subdued children they were, looking as though they had been quite overlooked in the interest given to their older sisters—for there were two young ladies, I understood, one of them about entering society. Mrs. Gloser and Mrs. Lacey had been school friends, but they were certainly very different women.

The terms having been agreed upon, I left with the understanding I was to return the following week.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lacey, as we rode home, "I see you don't like Mrs. Gloser. She is not exactly the sort of person I would have chosen for you, for here is not a very broad nature, but she is kind in her way, and will, I have no doubt, do justice to your efforts."

"I could wish," I said, "she were a trifle more like you, but I can assure you I am quite satisfied, and most grateful."

Early the next morning, I went to the house which was now no longer my home.

"Mr. Claymore is in the parlor," said Mary, as I opened the door.

I found him standing by the window, with a gloomy look upon his face. He turned hastily at the sound of my voice, his face lighting up a little. I told him of my engagement with Mrs. Gloser. He asked me a great many questions about my prospective home. "Were the children pleasant? Did I think I would be happy there?" &c.

I replied, laughing, that appearances were not quite rose-colored, but if it were *endurable*, I should be satisfied.

He did not look satisfied, by any means, and I told him one would think he had engaged to teach two doubtfully-disposed children, such was his serious expression.

"I wish to Heaven it could be I, in your place!" he said abruptly; and then he turned the conversation, telling me he had made all arrangements about the house, so that I need give myself no concern. I insisted that my piano and my aunt's jewels should be sold to pay the expenses incurred at her death. He did not reply directly to this.

When the furniture was disposed of, I paid a last visit to the rooms where I had spent so many happy days. A few dead coals were lying in the grate in the parlor, and as I gazed down at them, "Ye are like my yesterday's life," I thought; "all the light, warmth, and sparkle, gone for ever."

Giving way to unrestrained tears, I was not aware that any one had entered the room till I heard a gay voice.

"You stand like the princess in the deserted castle," he said, and then catching sight of my tear-stained face, his own grew serious. "I dropped in to carry you off for a walk," he said, "the evening promises to be delightful."

I turned eagerly, glad to have my sad thoughts broken in upon, and together we left the house. The sun was setting in glory, and the air bracing; and the gay talk of my companion soon served to beguile me. When we reached Mrs. Lacey's door I was quite myself again.

"Will you forget your old friends in your new life?" he asked, as we stood for a moment on the steps.

"My old friends are more likely to forget me," I returned, gravely.

"Nay, to prove that false, I intend early cultivating the acquaintance of the young Glosers, be they amiable or otherwise."

"The young Glosers have two grown up, handsome sisters," I said, laughing.

"Excellent!" he cried. "Be assured I shall never forget you;" and pressing my hand he turned away smiling.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Cried Sylvia to a reverend Dean—
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven?"
"There are no women!" he replied;
She quick returns the jest—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

☞ It is Walter Savage Landor, who says: "Little men in lofty places throw long shadows, because our sun is setting."

☞ "I think I have seen you before, sir—are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

☞ The Emperor Maximilian is aptly described as "the German emigrant who struts under the pilfred crown of Mexico."

☞ A young man in Winsted, Ct., named Churchill, undertook the other day to put a cat in a barrel, for the purpose of sending it to Hartford. While in the act the cat turned upon him, and with her teeth and claws literally tore his hands to pieces.

☞ Prentice hopes that Grant and Sherman will cut Lee's force in two. Then Lee will be indebted to them for an entire division of his army.

☞ We frequently hear of our generals capturing "pieces of artillery." "What's the use of continually capturing *pieces?*" says Mrs. Partington. "Why not capture whole ones?"

☞ A jockey furnishes some hints as to how to sell your horse. "I tell you it's all by comparison—have the critter for sale long side of a scrub—ain't one in fifty but what'll get fooled. They look first at the scrub and then at the other, and they think it's a 'stroordinary critter. That's the way I come it over Jenkins, the livery man, with that gray colt."

☞ In 1840 the annual mortality of Paris was one person in twenty-eight; in 1863 it was only one in forty, and this great amelioration, notwithstanding an increase of inhabitants, is ascribed to improved sanitary arrangements, the extension and widening of thoroughfares, the opening of parks and the planting of trees. Paris, with a population of 1,696,141 possesses over five thousand acres of open ground, planted with more than one million of trees.

☞ SILENCING A BISHOP.—Jarvis, the painter, was painting Bishop ——, and the venerable prelate began to remonstrate with him upon the dissipated course into which he had fallen. Jarvis, dropping his pencil from the forehead of his portrait to the lower part of his face, said with a slight motion to the reverend sitter, "Will you be good enough to shut your mouth, Bishop?" By painting that feature, he changed the subject.

☞ We saw a large remittance of horses pass our window the other day on the way to the army. A meaner drove, we should think there were at least a thousand or two, could hardly be picked up in New England. It reminded us of the remark of President Lincoln, that there was hardly a poor horse left in Pennsylvania.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

☞ A youth of nine or ten summers who attends the Sabbath-school, and is one of those "infants terrible," was asked by his teacher, not very long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were? "Broad bands, such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that ladies do, did they?" "Oh, yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

☞ An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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Four copies, "	8,00
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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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JOURNALISM.

We are pleased to see the following views of the duties and interests of journalists uttered by *The Press* of this city, and endorsed by the *New York Tribune*:—

"It is the misfortune of the journalist that his own inclination makes him a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for those whom he should despise. It is the misfortune of journalism that an influence which, combined, would be irresistible, is wasted and fritterpd away by internal dissensions. The strength and unity of sentiment that should be given to the public welfare is devoted to personal quarrels. This should not be. The mission of the press is too high and sacred to be thrown away in absurd controversy. To the world at large such contests have no interest beyond the interest of the gossipers, and no effect but to bring our profession into contempt. What is there in the griefs of Hecuba that the people should weep?"

The *Tribune* further says, and is endorsed by *The Press*:—

"We are not aware that the conductors of leading journals in any country but ours have had the bad habit of discussing each other's personal history, peculiarities, and physiognomies, instead of their respective positions and arguments. And, while we may have at some times been provoked to retort the personal assaults of our rivals, we have never been reconciled to the system. We all know that they are not the most eminent lawyers who browbeat and blackguard each other in trying their causes; and the presumption is very strong that those editors who delight in holding each other up to ridicule and reprobation are not the shining lights of their profession. We hope to see the day when a journalist who uses his pen and his columns to blacken the reputations of certain of his contemporaries, will be severely let alone alike by his brother journalists and by the public."

These are sound and judicious sentiments, and we hope the conductors of the press will not be be slow in endorsing them, not only in word, but in deed. The editorial profession loses greatly in all ways, by not respecting the dignity of its calling in the persons of all its members. Men generally will not respect a class which does not respect itself.

Said a cynical gentleman to us one day of a certain rather noisy editor, "he *barks* for Mr. ——," alluding to the owner of the paper. Gentlemen of the press, are you willing to be considered mere barkers for any man, or sect, or party? If you are not, do not manifest the disposition of a snarling, ugly-tempered cur.

The old proverb says that "it is a dirty bird which defiles its own nest." If any editor has weaknesses and vices, it is not the part of his fellow editors to seek them out, and publish them needlessly to the world. When proper occasions arise in which to discuss a man's qualifications for a certain post—such as Minister to France for instance—let the discussion be carried on in the tone proper to be used by gentlemen. Of course a man incompetent in character, consistency and sincerity, is not to be supported for a high official position merely because he is one of the profession—this would be almost as much of a fault as to oppose him for the same reason. But let private peculiarities, defects, and weaknesses be lost sight of, and only those public and general characteristics be enlarged upon, which should determine the question of fitness for all important and responsible positions.

FUNERALS.

We call attention to the following very sensible remarks from the *Hartford Press*:

"A new and very sensible fashion is beginning to prevail in this city in regard to funerals. It is this: The funeral services are held, the assembly is dismissed, and all except the family and other relatives of the deceased return to their homes. Afterwards, the hearse and carriages come, and the body is accompanied to the grave by the family only. This gives the immediate relatives an opportunity 'to take leave' of the deceased, and to perform the last office privately; and in the case of families who are poor, or in only moderate circumstances, it saves much needless expense. A respectable funeral, economically managed, now costs $75 to $100, while if carriages are provided for all friends and acquaintances who choose to ride, the expense often amounts to $300 or $400. There is no reason why a family in affliction should be called upon to pay for sympathizing friends at the rate of $1 each."

In this city the present cost of hiring carriages for funerals is from five to seven dollars apiece. Of course this is no fault of the livery-stable keepers, who are only charging in accordance with their increased expenses. But why should a mourning family—often left in very moderate circumstances—be put by their sympathizing friends to the heavy cost of twenty or thirty carriages? The new Hartford custom, as noticed above, is a very sensible one; and though it is not entirely new in this city, where many individuals have hesitated for some time past to put their sorrow-stricken friends to a large expense, a wider adoption of it would be commendable.

☞ Bibulous was staggering along the other day after the snow, when an avalanche from the house top thundered down, knocked his hat over his eyes, and himself to the ground. His admiration of nature was maintained to the last. "Splen'd 'splay," said he, getting up. "Snowing ver-hard, and air filled with meteors!"

☞ Two hundred years ago the freemen of Massachusetts, voting in State elections, used corn and beans as indicative of yeas and nays, the corn being counted as yea and beans as nay in the balloting; and when the beans were in the minority they acknowledged the corn.

☞ Thackeray used to relate with great glee the following humorous story:—"An Irish gentleman, well-known in town, and from whom the character of the Mulligan was partly drawn, walking in the park with a young friend, received a bow from Dean Stanhope, who was passing by, and said to his friend in a rich brogue, "That's a dane?" "Oh, no," replied the other, "you're mistaken; it's Mr. Stanhope, an Englishman." Upon which the offended Mulligan thundered forth, "'Tis not a Dane of *Scandy* that I mane, surr, but a dane of the Church!"

☞ A female operative in the Portsmouth, N. H., Spool Cotton Factory, having become "converted," sent back 18 3-4 dozen spools, saying in a note that her conscience would not allow her to retain it, but she reserved a few spools for her own use, and gave some away to her most particular friends!

☞ An English paper recently received says: "Skating is all the rage in New York, and the ponds in Central Park are covered till the park closes at night. The expense of keeping the pond in good condition is entirely defrayed by the sale of curls, *bandeaux* and waterfalls, which are swept up by the basketful every morning."

☞ An old gentleman named Powell, paralyzed, and only able to move on wheels, who had the question "popped" to him by his nurse, and accepted her, and then backed out of the engagement on advice of his friends, has been ordered by the London courts to pay £2,000 to the lady (a Miss Lewis) for this breach of promise. That shows the value even of a crippled man.

☞ The captain of one of the English steamers running to Portland vouches for the truth of the following good story concerning a sturdy young Hibernian who came over to this country in his ship but returned on the next home trip. Pat had never seen sleighing in the "Green Isle," and the ideas he inferred from it were not creditable to us as a people. "How is it that you are going home so soon?" asked the captain, "you couldn't have seen much of the country in the five days you were in port." "Faith and I see'd enough of it," quoth Pat. "I went up town in Portland but once and made up me mind that people who were too blamed lazy to put their carriages on wheels were not for the likes of me to be living among."

☞ The silent accomplish more than the noisy. The tail of the rattlesnake makes all the noise, but the head does the execution.

☞ The cellars of New York are inhabited by twenty-two thousand people.

Wise Enactments.

An "Ex-Editor," in an interesting letter to the Springfield Republican from Augusta, Maine, says:—

"We have two laws in Maine which I think Massachusetts, and indeed all the other states, would do well to adopt. The first is one enacted at the suggestion of Gov. Hubbard, in 1851. He was (and still is) an extensive medical practitioner in the state, and in the course of his journeyings far and near, driving his own beast, he realized the need of frequent and convenient watering-places on the highways. By his recommendation, the Legislature passed a law proposing that any person, to the acceptance of the selectmen, who should set up a good tub or trough by the roadside, into which pure water should be constantly discharged, and make it easily accessible to travellers, should have an abatement of three dollars on their taxes every year as long as that convenience should be maintained.

The consequence is, now, that you cannot travel far on any principal road in Maine, where you will not see a flowing fountain of pure water at which horses and cattle can refresh themselves; and for the most part, also, you will see a tin dipper hanging from the penstock, by means of which the human traveller may partake of Adam's ale. The Maine law, you know, is a Maine statute, and Gov. Hubbard was in office when that was passed. Another provision of the law in Maine, entitled to imitation, is this: Any person in the rural towns who will set out and properly protect rows of shade trees on the lines of the road, are rewarded by an abatement of their taxes. In many towns, therefore, you will now see the highways ornamented and shaded by growing sugar maples, elm, linden, and other deciduous trees, and in many instances the effect is much set off by the intermingling of evergreen trees, such as hemlocks, firs, spruce, cedars and pines. Such ornaments are not only a luxury to travellers in warm weather, but they enhance the value of the contiguous farms.

Bonnets.

On "opening day" at the fashionable milliners', and at all the up-town "New York" establishments there was a grand rush for "loves of bonnets," wholly irrespective of cost. The shape of the hats this season does not essentially differ from those introduced last autumn, with this exception, that they are smaller, and allow the hair to be fancifully worn. The hat has no curtain, a band with a bow of narrow ribbon crossing the centre of the waterfall, or a fall of lace and flowers over it, being worn instead. There is no curtailment in the use of costly materials, which consist chiefly of mallne and crape. Chip also is in favor. Feathers are not much used, but flowers and lace predominate. Prices take a wide range—say from $20 to $100—which are paid by those who have more money than brains. But one cannot expect to have all the good things.

☞ A private in the 13th Indiana who participated in the attack on Fort Fisher was found not to have discharged his rifle during the entire engagement. When asked the cause he said he was told by his commanding officer not to fire until he received orders, and he had acted accordingly.

☞ A court at Dayton, Ohio, has awarded a young lady there $6,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. As the Mormon preacher said:—"Men is skearce, and women is plenty."

☞ Jackson Haines, at present in Russia, at St. Petersburg, has won much reputation lately in the capital city of Prussia, where his advent on the ice was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, who gazed upon him with open-eyed wonder. The king sent to him to give an exhibition of his skill on the Royal Skating Pond, and it is said that he is soon to receive a magnificent belt of gold from several of the nobility as an acknowledgment of his remarkable feats. The king christened him "Young America."

☞ A writer in Blackwood professes to know all the English women abroad, who write travels, and he says "that they all sketch, most of them are short-sighted and wear thick boots and spectacles, very little crinoline, with what there is of it rather long. The younger ones are reserved, the older ones gushing."

☞ American Chivalry.—A recent Birmingham paper reports a case tried in that city before a police magistrate of "an American who was charged with attempting to rescue a disorderly woman from the hands of the police. Mr. Leonidas Wheat, the accused, cheerfully paid the moderate fine of 5s. for the assault, and declared that in all similar cases he would incur a similar risk without hesitation. In common with all his countrymen, he could not see a woman ill used without protecting her."

☞ What is the elevation of the soul? A prompt, delicate, certain feeling for all that is beautiful, all that is grand; a quick resolution to do the greatest good by the smallest means; a great benevolence joined to a great strength and great humility.

☞ It is a rather startling suggestion to make, but we believe it nevertheless true, that the chemicals now used in the shape of bleaching powders, etc., in the manufacture of paper, and the effect of printer's ink upon paper thus constituted will in the course of two hundred years reduce all the books of the present day to dust. We have been informed that Professor Faraday is a believer in the decomposition of paper.

☞ Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army, who sent a letter to his girl at home, closing with the following:—"May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

☞ A recent rebel letter, found in a Southern post-office, says:—"After the war I don't know which will sound worse, to say I was in the penitentiare four years or that I belonged to Wheeler's cavalry."

☞ There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate. Her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

☞ Beauty has its privileges. A woman who has plainness of countenance must not also indulge in the luxury of plainness of speech.

☞ Rather Dangerous.—An English paper says there are twenty steam boilers under the floor of the House of Parliament, many working at high pressure, and not tested as to their strength for years. Some careless Guy Fawkes may some day innocently get rid of the whole Parliament, by sending them into the air. This is a change in Parliament that is not usually considered in the political canvass.

☞ A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor, isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

The *New York* correspondent of the *Inquirer* says:—

Less than two months ago one of the showiest equipages seen in the Central Park on sunny afternoons belonging to the establishment of a well known citizen in Lexington avenue, whose "elegant profusion" was a proverb with men about town. One of the showiest boxes at the opera was his also, and on Sundays the congregation of C———'s Church, in Fourth avenue, would be disturbed at their prayers by the entrance of the rich man and his daughters, late on purpose, in order to attract attention and create a sensation.

Balls, parties, receptions, etc., were events of almost nightly occurrence at his residence, and to obtain the *entree* there was considered thereafter an unquestionable passport to "our best society." Everything went on swimmingly for a while, but the turn of the tide came at last. Three weeks ago this very day one of the daughters was engaged to be married to a Wall street broker.

The cards were out and the bridal presents were beginning to come in, when lo! a sudden and ruinous decline in gold and produce, and some descriptions of merchandise, in which the "old man" was a bull, compelled him to suspend payment, and to postpone for decency's sake, the "diamond wedding" he was getting up for his daughter. For that matter, however, he need not have been at much trouble, for the bridegroom on learning that his contemplated father-in-law had "gone up," lost no time in notifying his intended that "circumstances over which he had no control, would compel him to have their nuptials indefinitely postponed."

The result of it all is, that the showy equipage is no longer visible in the Central Park; the fashionable mansion has ceased to be illuminated at night; the music and dancing are succeeded by a death-like silence, while the following placard on the richly carved door, brings this eventful history to its appropriate conclusion:—

THIS HOUSE FOR SALE,
TO SATISFY A JUDGMENT.
Apply immediately to
J. R. S., —— PINE Street.
Terms Cash.

Ball Dresses in Paris.—The Parisian journals are severe against the prevailing mode in *toilettes de bal*. M. E. Texier says in the *Siecle*: "What remains at the present day of women's dress is so small that it is hardly worth talking about. Ladies are almost attired like the natives in South America—with nothing but a necklace. Besides that such a style of dress may be made very rich, it has the advantage of covering but little; and at a ball where the heat is always excessive, one cannot be too thinly clad!—M. G.

☞ Colonel Hugh H. Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, a boy of twenty-three, who went into the regiment as Second Lieutenant, has grown to be Colonel by steady courage and good conduct, and young as he is, has just been nominated Brevet Brigadier General. He is at home on furlough with his twelfth wound, and is known as the lockiest man in the army—not because he has twelve wounds, but because among them all he has lost nothing but a finger. He carries and will carry three or four bullets in his body.

☞ The London satirists say, in her recent speech, the Queen murdered her own English.

☞ The remains of Marcellus Jerome Clark, alias "Sue Munday," who was publicly executed on the gallows on Wednesday afternoon, were placed in a metallic coffin for burial. The coffin was placed inside a plain wooden case and marked "Mrs. Nancy Bradshaw, Franklin, Kentucky."

☞ A Novel Present.—The late celebrated French tragedienne, Mademoiselle Rachel, once received a most remarkable present. It was a diadem, in antique style, adorned with six jewels. The stones were so set as to spell, in acrostic style, the name of the great *artiste*, and also to signify six of her principal *roles*. Thus—

*R*uby	*R*oxane
*A*methyst	*A*menaide
*C*ornelian	*C*amille
*H*ematite	*H*ermoine
*E*merald	*E*milie
*L*apis Lazuli	*L*aodice.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is unsettled and drooping. Sales of 6,000 bbls Flour at $8.25@9 for common and good superfine, $9.50@10.25 for extras, $9.75@11.25 for extra family, and $11.50@13 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with a few small sales of the former at $8@8.25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales of 12,000 bushels Wheat $2.20@2.25 for common to good and choice reds, Pennsylvania, and $2.35@2.50 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye—Sales at $1.60@1.62. Corn—Sales 35,000 bushels at $1.36@1.40 for yellow, and $1.30@1.33 for white. Oats—Sales of 20,000 bushels at 89@90c.

PROVISIONS—There is nothing doing in bbld Meats. We quote Mess Pork at $30@32, Mess Beef $28@30, the latter for extra, and Beef Hams at $26@28 ₩ bbl. Of these the stock is light. Green Meats are lower; sales of Hams in pickle at 18@20c, and Shoulders in salt at 16½@17½c. Lard is held at 20@21c for tierces and 24@25c for kegs. Butter; Sales at 29@33c for common to good and choice packed and roll. Cheese is quiet at 18@25c. Eggs are selling at 27@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been rather more active, with sales of 300 bales at 45@60 for low and good Middlings.

BARK—Quercitron is very dull, and 1st No 1 is offered at $35.

BEESWAX—We quote yellow at 60@62c ₩ lb.

COAL—Trade is moderately active at previous rates, which range at $8,75@9,25 ₩ ton, on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS—Western are offered at 70c.

HAY is in demand at $30 ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS are dull at 35@50c ₩ lb.

IRON—There is some little inquiry for Pig Metal. $40@45 are about the current rates for American Forge, and $48@50 for Foundry.

OILS—Petroleum is unsettled, and nearly nominal at 35@36c for crude, 57@60c for refined, in bond, and 77@81c for free Oil.

PLASTER—Sales at $5@5½ ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Some 2500 bus Clover seed have been disposed of at $15@17 ₩ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is quiet at $5½@5¾. Flaxseed—sales at $3@2,85 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is lower, and Whiskey has further declined, with small sales of bbls at 225@228c.

SUGARS are unsettled and 7@8c lower; sales of 700 hhds at 11¾@16¾c for fair to prime quality.

TALLOW—Sales at 12@13c ₩ lb for rendered.

WOOL—The market is unsettled and lower; a few small sales only are reported at 65@90c for fleece, and tub at 95@105c ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3800 head. The prices realized from $10 to 12,00 ₩ 100 lbs. 1100 Hogs at from $17,00 to 19,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—2600 head were disposed of at from 11¼ to 12c ₩ lb. 110 Cows brought from $35 to 45 ₩ head.

☞ Ex-Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, and his Slaves.—A letter from Charleston to the Washington Republican says: "Ex-Governor Aiken is one of the largest slaveholders and wealthiest men of the south. Since the occupation of Charleston by our forces he has reported the names of all his slaves, seven hundred and fifty in number, to the commandant of the post, and given each family a farm on one of the most fertile and productive islands on the coast, placed them on it, and all are well started in life. Such a deed deserves to be recorded."

☞ A gentleman, praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, in the presence of Foote, the latter said, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nations," replied Foote; "every right, as the first discoverer."

☞ Puns are unpopular. Men with one idea are perplexed with a double meaning.

Jarrd's "Email de Paris" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most sensitive and retiring lady may use the exquisite "Email" without hesitancy. L'Email is especially endorsed by Sille. Vestvali, Lucille Western, Mrs. D. P. Bowers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists Perfumers and Ladies' Hair Dressers. Orders by mail should be addressed to Jarrd & Reed, Philada., Pa. marl1-3m

Effects of the Gold Panic on Oil Stocks.—It is not surprising that the general depression of prices consequent upon the rapid decline in gold during the past week, should have borne down with it the prices of stocks. There are some oil interests, however, that have not been perceptibly affected in this way, and numerous others in which the decline can only be temporary, as, judging from their dividends, they have never yet reached anything approximating their real value. To the subscribers to the stock of the "*Cameron Petroleum Company*," of which Mr. Vance Stewart is President, it will be gratifying to learn that subscriptions have, if anything, been accelerated during the present week, the whole *subscribable* amount of shares being now nearly taken. A few days will close the books, when it is highly probable that the "Cameron" will take its place among the most popular and valuable stocks offered at the Board. We do not see how it can be otherwise. Over forty new leases have already been given by the Company on the "Hoover Farm" alone, at a royalty of one-half the oil. These, it is confidently believed, will produce for the Company's interest several hundred barrels of oil per day inside of three months from this date, and, in addition to this, an order has been given by the Board to have the entire "*Stewart* Farm"—the fee of which is owned by the Cameron Company—surveyed and divided into one hundred lots, each to be leased and expeditiously worked, also at a royalty of one-half the oil. When this is accomplished, as it will be before midsummer, the value of Cameron stock will barely be equalled by any other now before the public. And as the people begin to appreciate this fact, we are not surprised to find their orders flowing into the Treasurer's office, (Mr. E. G. James's,) No. 101 Walnut street, at a rate which must close the subscriptions in a very few days. On the forty leases given on the "Hoover Farm," the work of sinking wells has in nearly every instance been commenced, so that the stimulus of successive "big strikes" may be safely looked for within the next sixty days. We may also state that a well yielding about two hundred barrels per day has been struck within a few yards of the line of the Stewart Farm, on a property of *five* acres, which Mr. Stewart the President of the Cameron Company, sold within six months for the sum of five thousand dollars, and for which the snug sum of *two hundred thousand dollars* has been bid within the last few days. We mention this fact for the information of holders of the Cameron stock, and as affording some indication of the advance which their stock is sure to experience as soon as the books of the Company are closed. A well of great promise has also been struck recently on the "Cochran," which directly adjoins the "Hoover" Farm.

The names of the gentlemen connected with this great oil enterprise, numbering as they do in the subscription lists a large number of the most prominent public men in this and other States, are a sufficient guarantee that the "Cameron" will take its place among the organizations that will live, and pay splendidly, years after others of a less substantial character will have passed into oblivion.

To Cure Catarrh.—What is the Catarrh? It is a deflexion or increased secretion of mucus from the membranes of the nose, fauces and bronchiæ, with fever, sneezing, cough, thirst, lassitude, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called also a cold. An Epidemic Catarrh is called Influenza, a chronic affection of the mucous membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. B. Talbot's Medicated Pine-apple Cider; take some of the mixture in your hand and snuff it up your nose, until it comes out of your mouth; be thorough with the snuffing, in order to reach the affected parts. It may take six months to cure, but a decided improvement will be observed in fairly days.

For sale everywhere.

B. T. Babbitt, Agent,
66, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.
H. C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia.
Also for sale by H. A. Bowers, N. W. corner 6th and Green Streets, Philada.

The Beautiful Art of Enamelling the Skin.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

Gray Hair Restored to its Original Youthful Color.
Baldness Prevented.
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" NO DYE "Hair Color Restorer."
"London" "Hair Color Restorer."
The hair is renovated and strengthened, and restored to its original color without the application of mineral substances. Can be applied by the hand or brush, as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. Delicately perfumed. A pleasure to apply.
Price 75 cents per bottle, or $4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. feb18-eow

Volunteers, Read This.—For the derangement of the system, Change of Diet, Wounds, Sores, Bruises and Eruptions, to which every volunteer is liable, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and sure as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, thoroughly tested in the Crimean and Italian Campaigns. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Cox's Tonic Elixir is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, Samuel C. Hart, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.50. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

Army Itch Very Prevalent. Sure Cure.
"Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"
"Dr. Swayne's All-Healing Ointment"
Cures Tetter, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Sores, all Eruptions. Price 50 cents. By sending 60 cents to DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States. feb18-eow

☞ A point lace parasol, worth seven hundred dollars, is to be seen in a Broadway store. It has a lavender silk foundation.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Feb., in Frankford, Pa., by the Rev. Peter J. Cox, Mr. John T. Williamson, of Williamsburgh, N. Y., to Miss Mary A. Jordan, of Philada.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Benjamin Tyre to Miss Emma Richers, daughter of Daniel Richers, Esq., both of this city.

On the 16th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. William R. Whitcock to Miss Lavinia Heist, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 13th of March, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Robert Powers to Miss Eliza Smith, both of this city.

On the 9th of Feb., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. George W. Newman to Miss Margaret Chartres, both of this city.

On the 1st of March, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Washington L. Atlee, Jr., to Annie M., daughter of Collins West, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of March, Mrs. Catharine S. Bliony, in her 53d year.

On the 20th of March, George F. Hewes, aged 52 years.

On the 20th of March, William Y. Garrett, aged 52 years.

On the 19th of March, Samuel G., son of Wm. and Margaret Divine, in his 21th year.

On the 20th of March, Clara, daughter of Marshall and Harriet S. Hill.

On the 21st of March, Mary, wife of Thomas C. Knight, and daughter of the late Wm. L. Johnson, aged 28 years.

On the 16th of March, Jacob Lesley, in his 56th year.

On the 17th of March, Thomas F., son of James and Maria Taylor, aged 25 years.

On the 18th of March, George Hoover, in his 67th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.
EYRE & LANDELL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1840.
We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.
GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.
mar18-1y

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with
Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

A WATCH FREE,
And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* Prize Port-folios. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, Prizes, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver* Watch presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.
S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
102 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
feb4-13t

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE
An Invention urgently needed by *everybody*, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for $3 easily, by R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

DRS. BASSET & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $5 to $50. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 445 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25 3m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 926, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

LATEST NEWS.

An official dispatch from General Grant announces that on Saturday morning about 4.30 o'clock the rebels made a sudden and strong assault upon Gen. Parke's troops and captured Fort Steadman. A determined attack was also made upon Fort Haskell, but was repulsed with great loss to the enemy. Our troops rallied and after a vigorous contest Steadman was recaptured, with all the guns, two battle-flags belonging to the rebels, and about 2,700 prisoners. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded is estimated at 3,000, while our loss is set down at 800. Gen. McLaughlin, commanding Fort Haskell, fell into the hands of the rebels.

Gen. Schofield reports having occupied Goldsboro', N. C., on the 21st, with but slight opposition. Sherman's left was engaged with the enemy near Bentonsville on last Sunday, and the artillery firing was quite rapid during the day and for a short time on Monday morning. A portion of Sherman's forces met the enemy on Tuesday, at Mount Olive, where quite an engagement ensued. The rebels were overpowered, flanked, and retreated in confusion toward Raleigh, while Sherman entered Smithfield, halfway between Goldsboro' and Raleigh. Sherman, Schofield and Terry are in hourly communication. Sherman's wagon trains have arrived at Kingston.

Gen. Sheridan's army is still at the White House, and the men are rapidly recovering from the fatigue of their recent brilliant raid.

The greater portion of General Thomas's army is at Huntsville and Decatur, Ala., and Eastport, Mississippi.

Pensacola, Fla., has been re-occupied by our forces.

☞ The telegraph tells of an officer "who lost a leg at Spottsylvania," being on a "flying visit to his old command." Perhaps a wing has sprouted in place of the lost limb.

☞ A gentleman who travels with his eyes open has just returned from Indiana and Northern Illinois. He reports wheat as coming out of the winter looking finely, while an unusual breadth has been sown, particularly in Indiana. The fruit buds are generally sound.

☞ During the recent carnival season in Havana, of three days and nights, the number of persons murdered and wounded amounted to no less than fifty-six, five of whom are known to have been killed outright.

☞ A Boston storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement: "A boy wanted." The next morning, on opening the store, he found a little urchin in a basket, labelled, "Here he is."

☞ The wealthiest revenue district in the Union, according to the report of Commissioner Lewis, is the first district of Illinois, composed of Chicago and the county of Cook. From September, 1862, to June 30, 1864, the first district of Illinois paid $4,471,503 69. The next wealthiest district is the fourth New York, which paid for the same time $4,421,674 16.

☞ In a suit for damages for imprisonment and persecutions at the hands of certain prominent rebels of Knoxville, during the early days of the rebellion, Dr. W. G. Brownlow has been awarded the sum of $25,000, to be raised from the properties of the notorious J. C. Ramsey, Sneed and some others.

☞ London rogues do not pick the locks of safes now, or blow them out with gunpowder, but pry open the doors with powerful levers. They have recently made hauls of £4,000, £10,000, £6,000 and smaller sums in this way.

☞ The Boston Transcript states that the high price obtained for the land in State street on Monday induced a bank officer to see how many silver dollars would cover a square foot. He found that sixty-five American silver dollars could be put upon the space. The land in question sold for $92 30 per square foot.

☞ The Jews would not set their foot upon a piece of paper, lest the name of God might be written upon it. Take care, lest you set your foot upon a man; for the name of God is written upon him.

☞ A few months ago, an old gentleman fell dead in the highway, of a town in Massachusetts, on whose person was found from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, in bills, on one bank—many of them much worn and mutilated. They were offered at the bank, and the officers were obliged to call a meeting of the directors, in order to ascertain (so old were some of them) if the bank had ever made any such issues.

☞ No new theatre will be licensed in England, unless the means of egress are such as to secure the safety of the audience. The idea is worthy of imitation.

☞ Everybody has noticed in Shakspeare and other old writers such odd expressions as "'s blood!" "'s death!" These are the oaths of former generations, and are abbreviations of "God's blood" and "God's death." "Zounds," which is used even now, signifies "God's wounds," or "By God's wounds." "Od Zooks," another similar expression, means "God's Looks," or, as we would say in these modern days, "the countenance of God."

☞ A man has declined being a candidate for office in one of the new states because he is not a legal citizen—has never paid tax or any other debt—owns no property—can't read or write—is blind—has but one leg—has lost four fingers from the left hand—has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mother.

☞ The skating-club of St. Petersburg gave a grand ball on the Neva. To the usual splendor of this festival was added a magnificent pavilion constructed of blocks of ice four feet thick, which, being brilliantly lighted up in the interior, produced the effect of a palace of crystal.

☞ Capt. Walcott, U. S. A., who lost a leg at Gettysburg, and has been for some time stationed here, has acquired such complete control of his artificial limb that he not only walks with a very slight limp, but can *dance* and *skate* with much agility.—*Portland Transcript*.

☞ Politicians must beware of calling names. The jury in the Supreme Court, of New York, returned a verdict of $20 in favor of one Aikins, (a lawyer,) against one Wm. H. Burr, for calling plaintiff a "traitor."

☞ In the Gallery of the Convent of Jesuits, at Lisbon, there is a fine picture of Adam in Paradise, *dressed in blue breeches with silver buckles, and Eve with a striped petticoat*.

☞ An under-graduate of Cambridge being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining teacher tore off an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon it all he knew.

A BALL-ROOM REMINISCENCE.

Airily beautiful,
Daintily dutiful
To her mamma in the elegant shawl;
Gleaming so purely,
Glancing demurely,
Fair was Floretta that night at the ball.

Sailing divinely,
Dancing supinely,
Waltzing confidingly, sinking away;
Whispering caressingly,
Sighing distressingly,
Hid by the shrubs that encircle the bay.

Wheedling cajolingly,
Wandering strollingly,
Into the ante-room, shady and cool;
Proving convincingly,
Mimicking mincingly,
Magnates and stagnates that whirl in the pool.

Toying deliciously,
Tugging maliciously,
Gloves that are "sixes" and stick to her hands;
Showing right graciously,
Not ostentatiously,
Destitute fingers awaiting commands.

Champagning sippingly,
Nibbling up trippingly,
Biscuits and ices and jelly and cream;
Laughing melodiously,
Picturing odiously
Bachelor habits and serfdom supreme.

Looking up pontingly,
Looking down doubtingly,
Conning her card with a woebegone glance;
Yielding unwillingly,
Answering chillingly,
Withering the Captain who claims her to dance.

Fanning ferociously,
Grumbling precociously,
Seeking a rest after whirligig brief;
Lecturing icingly,
Smiling enticingly,
Making me slink round the wall like a thief.

Rising up buoyantly,
Breathing out joyantly,
"Dear Mr. Robinson, what a relief!"
Sparkling so wittily,
Moving so prettily,
Filling my heart with an exquisite grief.

Leaning recliningly,
Starting repiningly,
Horrid announcement, "The carriage is here;"
Pausing coquettishly,
Hurrying pettishly,
Gouty papa holds the horses so dear.

Argued litigiously,
Treasured religiously,
Now, in my memory's innermost hall,
Dearest Floretta,
I'll never forget a
Phase of the rapture that night at the ball.

J. C. B.

WILLIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Side by side with brawny, stalwart men, Willie Burton had passed bravely through more than one battle. But at Bermuda Hundred his health gave way, and he was prostrated upon his little berth in the hospital.

Always delicate physically, he suffered much now, removed as he was from the tender, gentle care of one at home, to whom, in his hours of wildest pain, his thoughts now turned incessantly. A brave, determined spirit had sustained him until helplessness came, and then the loving little heart yearned wildly for sympathy—for the sweet low voice and velvety touch of a sister whose love had sheltered him from his cradle. From the grave of a beloved mother that sister had turned to her infant brother to perform the lost mother's part, and he had known no other love than hers, no other shelter than her faithful arms, until the boy was fired with the spirit of the man, and he fled from her side to the tented field, where he sought bravely to bear his part as a hero in defence of right.

Day by day the hours rolled their slow lengths along, and still poor Willie languished. The danger had passed; his life had been spared, but he did not rally rapidly. An officer's wife, who frequently visited the hospital, being moved to pity at sight of the pale, almost girlish face of the boy, had taken pains to inquire into his history, and became deeply interested. She soon learned that it was homesickness which kept him so weak and feeble, and tried to comfort him with the hope of getting a furlough. She was the more earnest in her endeavors to do this, from the spirit of self-sacrifice he manifested. Once she had proposed to write to Chester, Pa., for his sister to come and take care of him, but though his eyes brightened and his cheeks flushed radiantly, he refused with a deep sigh, saying sadly:

"No—she cannot come. I'll try to be patient until I get better, and can go home; then I shall soon get strong again."

"But why can she not come?" persisted the lady, wishing to fully understand his motives, for it was evident to her no medicine would prove half so efficacious as his sister's presence.

"Well, ma'am, you see there are only us two, sister Lulu and I, and she has always taken care of me till I grew up. Not quite a year ago our old grandfather came to us, and he is very feeble. Sister takes the same care of him she would of a little babe, and he has no one else to go to if she leaves him. If she came, the poor old man might die in her absence. I'd rather wait, ma'am, until I am able to travel."

With an impulse of enthusiasm, the lady bent suddenly and kissed the fair brow of the boy, her eyes full of unshed tears. Often after that day she was at his side, striving, by hopeful words, and many a pleasant little story, to divert his mind and win him back to health.

Finally he grew strong enough to walk about, and would sit on a camp-stool outside of the tent, watching the forests as they caught the first rays of the autumn sun, and deepened into a glory of royal purple, gold and crimson. Sometimes he was gladdened by the sight of his kind nurse, as she sped by him on her little coal black pony, riding from place to place to look after those who were sufferers in the late battle. At such times his face would light up radiantly, his cheeks tingling with pleasure at the kind words she managed to drop as she went by him.

Thus the days passed until Willie had grown comparatively strong, consequently more hopeful. But the longing to go home was none the less ardent. It was the sole wish and hope of his life to get back once more to his beloved home, and lay his head upon his sister's knee as of old, while her gentle fingers wandered through his hair.

One day he was waiting Mrs. Wilson's visit with more than usual interest. He knew that she meant to ask for his furlough that day, and he had faith in her power to do anything. The doctor who attended in his hospital was a hard, stern man, and had answered gruffly to him when Willie had once ventured to hint his desire to go home on furlough. So he had shrunk away and waited for her mediation with a beating heart.

She came at last, pausing to speak to him as she passed through the door. She even laid her little ungloved hand upon his hair for a moment, and stroked it with an almost loving touch that filled the boy's heart with grateful emotion. As her steps sounded on the floor of the hospital in leaving him, he counted the minutes till she should return with the glad tidings that he might go home.

It seemed a long, long time; but she came out at last, her sweet face clouded with disappointment. As she met the eager gaze of his blue eyes, saw the breathless look of fear and despair in them, a sob rose to her throat and the tears dropped fast over her cheeks.

"Never mind, Willie," she said at length, trying to comfort him. "I cannot get the surgeon to give you a leave now, but perhaps he will soon. He says he understands his colonel's feelings on the subject well, and knows he will let none of his men go just now, so a recommendation is useless. You have borne up bravely till now, my boy; do so still. I hope it will not be for long. I will try again for you when the doctor is in a better humor. Perhaps I shall succeed better."

But all her kind words failed to heal the wound in poor Willie's heart made by this cruel blow. He sat like one stupified, with his face buried in his hands—his throat and brow throbbing with pain.

That same day he was detailed for picket duty, and went to his post like a condemned wretch who sees no future before him.

Many and bitter were the tears that rolled over poor Willie's pale cheeks as he paced back and forth beneath the trees which showered down their sparkling jewels upon him as the breeze fluttered through the richly laden branches. It seemed to him that all the world was dreary, all its people cold and unfeeling. Even Lulu had given him up, and he had not even an assuring line to comfort him in his misery. It had been a long, long time since she wrote to him, and that letter had been half the cause of his homesickness, it was so sad. Ah, boy as he was, not yet beyond the limits of his fourteenth year, sickness had made him still more of a child, and it was no wonder that he forgot all the enthusiasm that had fired his young blood, and wept for the loving care and sympathy he was never more to have!

Presently the clatter of a horse's hoofs reached his ear, and a moment after, Willie's good angel reined in her steed at his side.

"What, tears, Willie!" cried Mrs. Wilson, cheerily, noting them still upon his cheeks. "O, fie! that is not the way to be a soldier! Remember everything that claims our sympathies because of our belief in its justice, is worth a sacrifice—aye! even of our dearest hopes and wishes. The day will come, perhaps, when you will be proud of this time, for you have borne nobly, Willie, though it almost cost you your life. I can see and appreciate the struggle, and it shall go hard with me if others are not made to understand it too. You have friends here—good and noble ones who will not forget you, as day by day you help to fill the pages of history with some new deed of valor. Cheer up. I think I have something for you that will bring back the roses to your cheeks as they bloomed when you left Chester. See!" and she held a little white letter aloft.

"From Lulu!" cried the boy, his face crimsoned with delight. "O, Mrs. Wilson, how good of you to bring it to me. How shall I ever be able to thank you for your many kindnesses to me?"

"By casting aside those weary looks and being bright and hopeful again," she answered. "Now read your letter and I will stand 'sentinel' until you have finished," saying which she sprang lightly to the ground and fastened her pony to an overhanging bough.

Pacing slowly back and forth under the shadow of the trees, Mrs. Wilson watched the boy's face as he eagerly broke the seal to get at the contents. His lips were apart, his beautiful eyes wide and dancing, while his whole frame trembled with excitement.

But the very first lines dashed the color from his cheeks and filled his eyes with tears. With a groan of distress, he sat down upon a fallen log and dropping his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. Mrs. Wilson hastily picked up the letter which had fallen to the ground.

"May I read it, Willie?" she asked, her voice full of alarm.

"Yes"—he gasped, then sobbed more bitterly than before.

"Poor child," she murmured as she read, "no wonder such a letter should break his heart! Oh, Lulu Burton, mistaken girl, you do not know what you are doing—to what you will drive him if this is the way you write."

Alas, no! Nor did you, kind Mrs. Wilson, fearful and anxious as you were! But upon the heads of all was doomed to fall a fearful blow, and who shall say it was not precipitated by the tone of that letter?

From beginning to end it was a reproach, a wail of woe and anguish. She chided him for the rash, wild step of leaving his home for the perilous field. Her anguish at his flight was dwelt upon at length; her loneliness detailed, her expressions of love lavish, ending with the assertion, that all of this had prostrated her upon a bed of sickness where she pined from day to day for a sight of her boy-brother's face—her little nestling's voice.

This to come just at this time, when the poor boy needed all his courage to sustain him, and the help of all he loved besides, was too much for his heavy heart to bear. It drove him to desperation, in spite of the soothing tones of the noble woman at his side, who with loving words, knowing his sore need, strove to win him away from the agony that letter had called up.

I like the task of recording what angels witnessed in that hour, for it was a noble deed, and it was a woman, firm, true and fearless, who performed it.

Sitting down beside him, she began in the gentle, earnest way peculiar to her, to talk of past years, recalling the time when every brave heart and strong arm willingly gave all their strength to the accomplishment of one object—a beloved land's salvation. She spoke of the brave mothers who sent forth their boys scarce more than children, with stirring words of love and encouragement to help them on. All that was most touching—all that was hardest to bear, she detailed in a manner so graphic, that her listener's cheek flushed and paled alternately, while his heart bounded with great throbs when she pictured the spirit in which all was borne, cheerful and determined, with never a murmur, even through the awful woes of Valley Forge, when they could lift their wan, white faces to Washington's with smiles as he passed among them with his fair wife at his side, who came to share their sufferings as one of themselves, as well as to succor and comfort as much as she might.

Gradually she led him down, step by step, to the present moment, where she showed him the need of a like spirit of devotion, a thoroughly unselfish principle—a total sacrifice of personal feeling, for our country's sake. It was not for the triumph of a day or a week, but for all time. It was forever to sweep a curse from the land, and purify it from the stain of an unparalleled insult. She sought to excite his pride as well as his patriotism, and paint the glow of joy he would feel in looking back upon the perilous paths he had trodden in defence of his country. Finally her words were of love, and trust in a higher power, pointing him upward with that faith which gives us strength to bear all things. As she took his hand and reverently knelt with her earnest face upturned, Willie bared his head involuntarily, listening to the sweet words of petition which bore his name heavenward, as to the voice of an angel. When she rose to leave him, all his nature was softened and subdued—he was even satisfied with his fate, and conscious of the resolve to look steadily to his duty, forgetful of all else.

As her horse's retreating steps became fainter and fainter, a light was fading from poor Willie's sky. Not that her influence waned so soon, but just then he should not have been left to himself, and allowed to go back to what was so painful.

But there was Lulu's letter lying upon the ground, which he spurned with his foot impatiently as his eye fell once more upon it, immediately after which act of indignity, he caught it up in remorse and pressed it to his lips. Then he opened and re-read again the sorrowful contents, while his great, loving heart swelled almost to breaking over the picture it drew of her sufferings mentally and physically, with no one near to comfort and aid her.

A few lines penned crosswise the well-filled sheet, had not been read by either Willie or Mrs. Wilson at first. Now they added the last argument to a resolve formed in Willie's mind before he knew it. They ran thus:

"It seems very hard to me, when our streets are filled with hundreds of young, strong, able-bodied men, who have no families and few duties to keep them from the field, that they should shun it, while my one little brother—my sole dependence, and in whom all my hopes were centred, is far away from me, placed beyond the possibility of my care, no matter what happens. And oh, Willie, I am sick, and need your help so much! Why are you not here?"

Had Lulu Burton's good angel departed from her when she wrote that letter? Had Willie's guardian flown when he read it? Oh, Father, Thy ways are not as our ways—Thy wisdom inscrutable!

In the course of an hour or two, Willie was relieved from picket duty; but when Mrs. Wilson inquired for him the following morning, he was nowhere to be found.

Yes, Willie Burton had deserted! He never reached home. They captured him before he got fairly beyond the boundaries of the army, and took him back as a prisoner, confined him for trial by court-martial, with the terror of an awful penalty hanging over his head!

Oh, poor Willie! All his boy heart was wrapped up in that one wish—to see his sick sister and comfort her! He did not realize what desertion would cost him until it was too late.

Many days passed before he was tried—and the uncertainty of what was to come was worse than death. But at last it was over; and the judge sentenced him to be shot!

It was a hard thing thus to find him guilty and pass judgment upon him. Mrs. Wilson begged for his life bravely, pleading the palliating circumstances with an eloquence that brought tears to the eyes of all who heard. Even had this not gone far to soften their hearts, they could not have looked on the slight, boyish figure, weakened and worn by illness, without the profoundest pity. Still their duty was plain. His guilt was beyond doubt, and the discipline was rigid. It was beyond their power to infringe the Article of War which passed sentence of death upon the deserter; and all they could do was to recommend him to the mercy of the commanding General, in whose hands the boy's life was laid.

Mrs. Wilson heard and her cheeks blanched to a deadly whiteness when she saw the frail chance for salvation. Little hope was in her heart, but the wan face of the victim—the picture of the sick sister and her helpless charge in the lowly home were too much for her kind nature to bear, without one more effort; so she sought the presence of the commander.

There were others besides who could not bear to see this young life blown to the winds in a volley of musketry. Officers and men who had learned to love the brave little fellow on the march and in the camp, took it upon themselves to plead his cause with the vain hope of success. Yet had they as well appealed to the sun for aid, as for pity for Willie Burton. Child as he was, he was doomed to an ignominious death—that death hastened by the very earnestness of the appeals for mercy. Some raw troops had just been brought to the field, and in a rage, the command was given that in twenty-four hours the deserter should be shot for an example.

It seems to me as I write, that a fiend must have attended that man who could so abuse his power by so cruel an act! Had he no human feeling in his heart? Did no fair child faces look up to him in his far off home, or loving eyes soften his nature to a capacity for human sympathy? *Did* the cause for which he professed to labor require the sacrifice of this noble young life, for one hour of weakness, while many into whose hands much of trust was given, led their faithful men, like sheep, to useless slaughter, and still disclaimed the shadow of a fault at their own door?

Sad day it was in which Willie was to close his eyes upon the beautiful world and all its bright hopes forever. As if in pity, the sun was veiled with mournful clouds, and a low wind sighed through the trees. In that desolate home to which his thoughts turned longingly to the last, Lulu saw nor dreamed anything of the tragic scene. With a vain hope for pardon, the news of his approaching trial was withheld from her, and after his sentence was passed, no time was given to inform her of what was come to pass on that day. Perhaps it was as well, aye! better. What loving heart could have borne it? How could she have lived through that hour, with her agonized fancy fixed upon the multitude of sad faces, the leaden sky, the dreary sweep of woodlands lying beyond the parade ground to which they led her little brother that he might be put to a shameful death because of his love for herself? Could she have borne to hear the slow, sad music, the measured tread of the soldiers, even in fancy? And what could have saved her heart from breaking when the boyish figure was placed upon its own coffin, the blue eyes bandaged, with that long line of shining musketry before him? Some one near saw the white lips move, heard the low, tremulous whisper of the boy as they covered his eyes:—

"Oh, Lulu, sissy, good-bye!" and then there was an awful hush, a signal, and a loud crash of fire-arms. The child lay torn and mangled upon the ground, but his soul had gone home to God.

I have no heart to write more of this fearful thing, but I try to pray that one in whom no mercy was found, may not at God's mercy-seat plead as vainly for pity, as those who sued for the life of Willie Burton.

LITTLE AMY.

BY MRS. M. A. HEYDON.

Very brightly fell the sunlight
On the golden waves of hair,
Very brightly fell the sunlight
On the baby forehead fair.

Budding roses lay beside it,
Valley lilies—pure as pearls—
Myrtle leaves all fresh and dewy,
Clustered 'round those golden curls.

Very still, and full of beauty,
Was the little Amy's rest,
'Twas so calm, the fleecy muslin
Did not move upon her breast.

Quiet lay the dimpled fingers,
Clasped together as in prayer,
Still as they were frozen sunbeams
Lay the waves of sunny hair.

Day went out in crimson glories,
Sun unto the night gave place;
And the moonlight and the starlight
Lay in silver on her face.

But no moon, or sun, or starlight,
Oped the softly folded eyes;
Not a sound of love or sorrow
Stirred the deep tranquillity.

All our loving cares for Amy,
Must forever—ever cease.
God has stamped her baby forehead
With His everlasting peace.

South American Civilization;

OR,

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Domestic Economy in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Banda Oriental, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Mechanical Ingenuity—Head-work—Nothing Like Leather—Brazilian Washwomen—Country Conveyances.

In some of the minor breches of mechanics, the natives of Brazil exhibit perhaps as much skill and tact as the people of any other country in the world. Their genius, however, always seems to lead them in the direction of some light, fanciful fabric, involving no material outlay of energy or physical exercise; hence their excellence in fabrics of slight public importance, as, for instance, the manufacture of jewelry and of fancy wares, feather flowers, and fine toilet articles. But in mills, machinery, carriages, railroads, locomotives, steamships, and all the heavier branches of mechanics, they are notoriously wanting in capacity. This condition, however, is not so much due to their native indolence as it is to the fact that the national necessities have as yet made no imperative call upon their mechanical energy.

Until within a very recent period, all the transportation in the cities of Brazil, even in the great commercial marts, was performed by slave porters, capable of carrying immense loads poised on the head, while any article too weighty for that mode of conveyance was slung with ropes, to which levers, or wooden stretchers, were attached, and these being shouldered at the ends by burly porters, the suspended commodity was borne triumphantly along.

All the coffee shipped from Rio Janeiro goes first to the *Consulado*—the government export warehouse—where it is inspected, appraised, the rate of export duties fixed, and is then sent to the *Prieus*, or landing-place opposite the loading port, to be lightered off to the ship lying at anchor. And ever since coffee was shipped first from Rio, until recently, every bag of the material was transported from the Consulado to the Prieus—nearly a mile—on the heads of negro porters.

A brigade of these sable coffee-carriers was a study for a foreigner from any land of drays. A hundred or more brawny, half-naked Africans, all with sacks of coffee poised upon their heads, marshalled into something like military lines, and on a dog-trot, following a barbarian band, rattling out Mozambique and Menca music from calabashes filled with pebbles, peas, and bits of glass; reeds, of tin or wood, like cracked penny trumpets, squeaking out tunes interminable, without a turn in a hundred miles of them. Then there is the inevitable Obi Chant—a thousand stanzas in the repetition of ten distinct sounds, which, represented by letters, would read thus:—

Za-a-ar—Oo-by—divah-de-e-la, Obi—eson—e-e-e—sah.—I-i—mol—O-o-o—doh——Zit! The *Zit* comes in only after the chant and coffee have been carried forward a quarter of a mile, and then it comes in with a *vim*, putting a period to chant and trot for two minutes, during which the coffee-carriers stand at ease—stock still—*resting*, and the coffee resting too—upon their heads.

Then, at the squeak of reed and rattle of calabash, away they go again for another quarter of a mile, and so, on arriving at the Prieus, they are not "blown" much, because—have they not rested three times by the way?

A few years since, the senior partner of an American firm, doing an extensive business in Rio, in his kindness of heart, undertook to ameliorate the condition of these "kinky-head" coffee-carriers, by relieving them of their head-work. To this end he ordered from the United States an invoice of wheelbarrows, and, upon their arrival, he summoned the coffee brigade, harangued them in such Portuguese as his sable audience could comprehend very little of, and concluded by presenting every coffee-porter with one of the vehicles, saying, as he did so:

"There, boys—now go into the coffee. You'll be able to take it up town ten times easier than you ever have before."

Away went the merchant to his counting-room, and away went the delighted darkies to the *Consulado*, where each one, loading his barrow with a sack of coffee, poised it upon his head, and started off as usual, on a trot, for the *Prieus*. On their arrival, the Guinea verdict was unanimous that "*El carette Americano com hum roda es em cousa grande!*"—(The American one-wheeled cart is a grand thing.)

All itinerant venders of all sorts of commodities traverse the more populous portions of the empire with pack horses, or mules, besaddled with immense panniers of raw hide, in which their sundry wares are transported. A horse or mule thus ladened reminds one of a diminutive steam tug wedged in between two bulky ships, dragging them against wind and tide. Butchers, bakers, green-grocers, and all sorts of tradesmen in cities, thus serve their customers from huge hairy baskets on horseback. In short, leather, or the material of which leather is made, is of universal utility. A coasting trader fits out his *golets* or *potash*, and all her running rigging is of raw hide. A miller needs a set of grain or meal sacks, and a raw bullock's hide affords the material. A rural roof becomes leaky—tiles are not at hand; and a dry hide forms a convenient patch. A Bahia or Pernambuco dealer wishes to bleach his sugars for a foreign market, and he covers the footway in front of his establishment with hides, exposing his sugar thereon, not only exposed to the solar rays, but to the pawing and digging of filthy curs, the gambols of little naked niggers, and the crushing process by the feet of passing pedestrians. In brief, the uses of raw hide are so numerous that to simply name them, would fill a larger volume than I intend ever to write.

Let a stranger from any Christian country of washboards and improved laundries but witness a single half-hour's performance of a Brazilian *lavandeira*, and if any of his own wardrobe happens to be undergoing purification by her process, he will naturally regret that shirts, vests, pantaloons, and women's apparel generally are not made of raw hide fabric. No material less enduring will bear the strain of a Brazilian washwoman long. You could no more induce one of these manglers of linen to wash, boil, rinse and wring her clothes as any Christian washwoman would do, than you could persuade her to sweeten her coffee with gum camphor.

Main strength and cold water is her receipt for a clean shirt.

Resorting to a locality where water is abundant and rocks liberally dispensed, the *lavandeira* first douses her linen into the cold water until it is thoroughly wet. Next she expends soap most lavishly, and having given a garment—perhaps a fine linen shirt—a saponacious coating, she rebaptizes it by immersion, and then taking it to a convenient rock, she gingerly pinches a fold, or side of the garment between her thumb and finger, and by a series of dexterous upward jerks, she inflates it like a balloon. Then seizing a stone as large as she can wield in both hands, she smites the linen bubble a blow that you would think ought to burst a bag of No. 1 canvas. The wetting, soaping, inflating, and beating is thus repeated—dirt and lint flying, until the garment is literally purified by pounding; and it is really marvellous—the clear white condition these cold water washers will bring your clothes to by these violent means. Not very remarkably expeditious are they in their labors, however. For two years we had for our washwoman a very likely girl of the Meni tribe of Africans. Rosa was counted the best *lavandeira* in the province of San Paolo, and Rosa would go out Sunday morning with perhaps a dozen and a half garments, and those eighteen pieces would occupy her some, every day through the week, and on the following Sabbath morning we would get our change of wardrobe.

No more marked is the difference between the Brazilian washwoman's method of cleansing linen, and the improved manner of doing the same thing in our own country, than exists between the vehicles of Brazil and of the United States.

In Rio de Janeiro there is a line of New York built omnibuses which ply between the city and *Bota Fogo*, a suburb lying along the harbor shore between Rio and the "Sugar Loaf," at the entrance to the bay. Then his imperial highness, Don Pedro Segunda, has his stylish European built carriages, besides several foreign residents of the capital keep their coaches, as do also a few of the *Cavica* "money kings;" but go out into the interior of the country, and a wheeled vehicle of any sort, other than the clumsy ox carts of rude construction, is as rare a sight as icicles in India.

To convince ourselves that the Brazilian cart wright has not quite arrived at perfection in his calling, let us look on while he achieves an ox cart, a fair representative of its class all over the empire.

The wheels, he hews solid from a tree of the largest diameter obtainable, and if not sufficient to give the required size, a segment is securely trenailed to the side, and the whole made as nearly round as the builder can guess at a circle, though they are far oftener pear or egg-shaped, than a perfect circle. In thickness, about ten inches is the standard—rather a broad "tread" certainly. The axle is a huge square beam of the very hardest wood of the country, and instead of being rounded at the ends like any civilized axle, it is mortised its whole size, square through the wheel, the whole revolving together like a pair of car wheels. Where the bed pieces of the body rest on the axle; the latter is rounded, and the under side of the bed pieces have a triangular notch cut in them, so that they touch the axle at two points only, these astute

philosophers arguing that the smaller the surface of contact, the less the friction.

The body of the cart is an affair not easily wrecked; perhaps a trifle less ponderous than the frame of an old-fashioned saw-mill, and being substantially covered, would afford comfortable and rather commodious quarters for a moderate sized family.

One of these vast machines drawn by ten pair of oxen, tied together by the horns, and attached to the vehicle by stout thongs of raw-hide, is a rather formidable appearing object for one unaccustomed to such conveyances, to meet in the *campo* or sierra. And then as it is never greased, most hideous are its shrieks and wailing cries as it is dragged along.

A more primitive mode of conveyance is often improvised by the interior Brazilliero, who having several articles of traffic which he wishes to dispose of at a market town perhaps three leagues distant; lays hold of the heaviest dry bullock's hide among his stock, and placing it hair side downwards upon the ground, he loads it with such wares as he would transport to market, and often adds to the cargo his wife, and perhaps three or four juvenile members of his family.

Then fastening one end of a stout lasso to the nose of the hide, he secures the other to the pommel of his high-peaked Spanish saddle, and mounts his horse and gallops gaily away to market, trailing at the distance of several yards behind him his novel vehicle, which glides over the ground almost as lightly as a skate over ice.

Not always, however, does the *campeneiro* bring his cargo into port intact. Indeed he sometimes comes in "flying light," as sailors say. I have seen a rustic cavaliero elated by frequent imbibations from his flask of *cassah*, come dashing into town, at a furious gallop, roaring away at some mulatterio's song, and his raw-hide sled divested of every atom of lading, sailing along clear from the ground, behind him; swaying and swooping from side to side like an ill balanced kite run crazy. He has unconsciously scattered by the wayside not only his stock in trade; but perhaps a wife and some half a dozen *muchachas*.

In all the cities and larger towns of Brazil, the *sedes* or sedan chair is still in common use. These are a very comfortable, exclusive, and at the same time not an extravagant method of taking a ride; as one may be borne a league on the shoulders of two brawny negro bearers, for *hum estoin*, just the price of a ride in one of our city passenger cars. Besides you are screened from observation, sheltered from sunshine and storm, are never crowded, and can always lounge at perfect ease. In short a *sedes* is a decidedly comfortable conveyance for a brief jaunt.

The travelling rule throughout the empire, where there is no extraordinary luggage or merchandise to be transported, is to journey on horseback; and as there are no more accomplished equestrians anywhere in the world than the Brazilian *campeneiro*, both male and female, they think as little of setting out on horseback for a social visit to friends or relatives living a hundred miles distant, as we, in the United States, would of performing that distance by the "express train."

Traversing wide pampas, wading rapid streams, scampering through leagues of uninhabited forests, scrambling over rugged sierras, sleeping in the open air, and dining in the saddle, are incidents of Brazilian travel too commonplace for comment.

The Brazilian woman of the interior always uses two stirrups to her saddle, and is invariably a fearless, dashing rider, managing her fiery, half-tamed steed with consummate skill; and as she is usually an expert with knife and lasso, there are few indeed of the ordinary vicissitudes of travel that she is not well qualified to encounter. In many a "helter-skelter" hunt, or rough day's march, I have ever found the petticoated portion of our cavalcade the last to complain of fatigue or shrink from danger.

In all such jaunts the cavalcade is accompanied by sumpter horses or mules, bearing such articles as may be necessary to the comfort of the travellers.

"JOHN."

BY M. ASHLEY.

I stand beside his elbow-chair,
My hands rest softly on his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be—
And my eyes of brown
Look tenderly down
On John, my John.

The firelight leaps, and laughs, and warms—
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old head—
Encircling us both,
Like a ring of troth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face,
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For Time has left his autograph there;
But a noble prize,
In my loving eyes,
Is John, *my* John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the sun of other lands,
In tender clasp on my own to lay,
"How long ago was our wedding-day?"
I smile through my tears,
And say, "Years and years,
John, *dear* John."

We say no more, the firelight glows,
Both of us muse—on what?—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute caress,
Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless
With my life's best worth
The heart and the hearth
Of John, *my* John.

☞ A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Consulting the dictionary, she found that the focus was the place where the rays met. At dinner she announced that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was, and she said it was the word "focus," and that it meant a "place where they raised calves." This, of course, raised a great laugh, but she produced her dictionary proof. "There," she said, triumphantly, "focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, aren't I, father?"

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LUNCHEON AT LOWNDS.

There was a sweeter, softer cadence in the poem after Frank Burgoyne took his leave of them that morning. It rose and fell with more pathos than before, for Linley felt that the pretty woman who was living temporarily with him liked him better than the interruption, though the interruption had come in a guise fair enough to have won its forgiveness from ninety-nine women out of every hundred. There was a dulcet flattery in this: Kate had been very judicious for once without design, the fact being that very young men did not interest her, she having the sense never to forget that she was thirty, and to leave rather than be left.

"I suppose it's time to go in and look for your husband and luncheon; it's nearly one o'clock," Mr. Linley remarked, looking at his watch.

"I suppose it is: it always is time to go and do something else when one would rather not, I observe, in this abominable world."

"The world's as good as any we shall ever know anything about, I expect."

"Probably; nevertheless I should like it to be all sitting in sunbeams that have no scorch in them, and being made to feel that that is enough. I have not thought once of what is to follow while I have been sitting here, and now I am recalled by hearing that I must rise up and go in." Then she rose up, gathering her shawl around her as if she indeed felt that she was going out of the sunbeams into chill life again, and adding, "Pious exercises always make my husband very hungry, I observe; don't let us keep him waiting." She went in, and the poem was at an end.

The call came off, and the invitation to luncheon at Lownds on the Tuesday was given and accepted. There was not the shadow of embarrassment on Mrs. Galton's part at this her first meeting with Theo since Theo had been so honored, as she deemed it, by Harold's choice of her—so disgraced by his defalcation. Theo had nerved herself to bear a sympathetic word or look, for she judged it impossible that such a thing as had befallen her could be passed over as though it had never been, by one who had known of its occurrence. But the event proved that she had armed herself against nothing, for neither the sympathetic word nor look was given. Mrs. Galton rather desired to sink the subject of Theo's wrongs, out of no special love or consideration for Theo, but because a recognition of Theo's wrongs would have been an acknowledgment of Harold Ffrench having been more serious in the matter than she even now liked to believe he had been.

"You are not looking half as well as when you were staying in London with me, Theo."

"She looks better than she did when she came down." Mrs. Vaughan regarded the remark resentfully, as a slur on her hospitality. "She came looking squalid."

"It is the Bretford air that disagrees with you, I conclude."

"The Bretford air is good enough; it's not the air that disagrees with us at Bretford, is it, Theo?" Sydney struck in.

Sydney had not played a prominent part in the conversation yet, and it occurred to her that unless she were prompt she might miss an opportunity of telling a stranger how sorely she was tried, and what general injustice was done her at Bretford.

"I'm very well. It's my way not to look in quite such rude health in the autumn as I do at other times," Theo answered, unconsciously spoiling Sydney's golden opportunity, and averting the song of Miss Scott's injuries and independent resentment of them.

"When I was young I had sense enough myself not to go about looking moody and melancholy; and if I had not had the sense myself, my parents would have drilled it into me; but now-a-days—"

Mrs. Vaughan stopped and shook her head nervously, and Mrs. Galton asked:

"Yes—what?"

"Why, now-a-days girls are so inconsiderate—*selfishly* inconsiderate, I will and must call it—as to ruin all chance of establishing themselves, by going about with a downcast, moody air, as if they had known all the woes of the world. There's Theo now—I speak to you as a friend, Mrs. Galton." (Mrs. Vaughan frequently spoke as a friend to utter strangers, to the dismay of those who dwelt in the tents with her.) "Who would think Theo a mere child both in years and experience, to see her? Never known a care, never known a sorrow, in her life. My dear brother has sheltered her like an exotic, and this is how she rewards him. Oh! I have no patience with it!—no patience with it!"

Mrs. Vaughan had had small patience with all things since Frank Burgoyne had cracked nuts for Sydney; none at all with Theo's pallor and occasional depression.

"I am very sorry that I don't look as I ought to look, Aunt Libby," Theo replied.

The reprehensible pallor had given way to a scarlet flush at Mrs. Vaughan's declaration to Kate, to Kate who knew better, to Kate who knew all about it, that she (Theo) had never known a care or sorrow in her life, and that she had been tended like an exotic.

"I must say good-by now," Kate said, rising. "I can only hope that the bloom requisite for Theo's establishment will come back when the autumn is over. We shall see you to-morrow at two, then? There will be a cavalier for you, Theo—an interesting one, with his arm in a sling and melancholy in his eyes."

"Oh! Frank Burgoyne, do you mean?" Sydney asked with animation.

"Yes, I mean Mr. Burgoyne," Mrs. Galton replied sweetly, but through all the sweetness she contrived to make a tone of amused surprise run at Miss Scott calling him "Frank Burgoyne." Sydney detected that tone instantly, and felt keenly that it would impart a rich flavor to the story when Mrs. Galton should tell it to the man now spoken about.

Need I say that after this Miss Scott lavished no great amount of good feeling on the pretty woman who was always in such full possession of her senses, that she never lapsed into Christian-naming men, however intimately she might think of them.

In addition to the car to which the lazy pony belonged, the Vaughans kept a hooded box upon four wheels, known in the village as "our carriage." Theo had viewed it surreptitiously through the half-open doors of the chaise-house on two or three occasions, but she had never ventured upon a close inspection of it, on account of a lively remembrance she had of her aunt having made a statement of intolerance to all stable tastes on the part of young ladies.

This day, however, on which they were to go to luncheon at Lownds, Theo made its nearer acquaintance, and she was fain to confess, after a five miles drive in it, that creeping over in the car would have been preferable to this state of transit, upon which Mrs. Vaughan had insisted. Mrs. Vaughan was a staunch advocate for etiquette, too, therefore she had desired that Theo should occupy the seat of the lowly with her back to the horses, while Miss Scott, the stranger, had the place of honor by her (Mrs. Vaughan's) side.

Being seated with her back to the horses would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a light evil to Theo. But the circumstances were extraordinary, so to say, for it was a gala day, and on gala-days Mrs. Vaughan belonged to what she called her "very best cap."

Throughout their wedded career Mr. Vaughan had heart at what appeared to him as hideously short intervals, of his wife's "best cap," and he hated it with a hatred that was demoniacal in its intensity for so good a man. It had been a thorn in his flesh and a saddle on his loins during the earlier and less prosperous portion of his career, for he had frequently been compelled to carry it in a box that resembled an ark for weary miles when they were going to those convivial gatherings yclept tea-parties. Such days were over for the Reverend Thomas now, and he no longer trudged out to tea with Mrs. Vaughan's prodigious best cap in his hand. But he keenly remembered those sufferings which he had borne with such exemplary fortitude, and the sight of the ark-like box was odious to him.

It was specially odious on this occasion, for Mrs. Vaughan had declared that "it would ride comfortably between Mr. Vaughan and Theo, if they would only sit as close to their respective sides of the carriage as they could." Which they did accordingly, and then had the box wedged in tightly between them, where it rode comfortably at the cost of considerable personal inconvenience to them both, but that was nothing to "the annoyance of not having a cap to put on your head when you got to a place," as Mrs. Vaughan observed.

They found their host, together with the Galtons and Frank and Ethel Burgoyne, in a room in the fitting-up of which they saw at once the fitness of things had been studied. It was the perfection of propriety as the chief room in a shooting-box, and for all that, women looked thoroughly in their places in it.

It was a long, low, lattice-windowed room, (with a broad rafter crossing the length of the ceiling,) in which he received them. To have removed that rafter, whose normal condition it was to look heavy and burthensome, would have been impossible. To utilise and make it conduce to the beautifying of the room had been Mr. Linley's task as soon as he came to Lownds. It was very ornamental now, that formerly obnoxious rafter, for it was of oak, and he had had it polished, and its grain brought out, and a substantial line of gold beading placed along it on either side. Above all, nailed to its centre were two pairs of antlers, and from these antlers trailed long creeping plants that hung down low, and then turned up again abruptly in a most extraordinary way, and that took their rise in tiny pots that lurked between the horns.

The fashion of the furniture, too, was extraordinary—as extraordinary as this gamey and floral combination which I have described. The material covered of the chaise, for it was of the skins and horns of animals: the shape savored of a Sybarite.

The faces of tigers snarled at you, and the claws of bears looked ready to catch and hug, and the fangs of one grand lion grinned at you, from the backs and tops of chairs and couches. When you turned these round you found soft seats of delight, elastic, warm, and cosy, and the wild sports of the field and forest that they had suggested vanished from your mind.

A pleasant room, with an atmosphere that was agreeable to breathe, for there was a fire in the grate—a bright, leaping little fire, that threw out no more heat than could be well endured in October—and the windows were open for the free admission of the rarified autumn air. A wide door at the end was open also, showing them the luncheon they had been invited to eat, laid out on a large round table, sparkling and bright with glass and silver, brilliant with October fruits and flowers.

"Shall we go into the other room? I believe we are all here: there is no one else to wait for, is there?" Mrs. Galton said, after a few minutes had elapsed, during which few minutes Mrs. Vaughan had been suffering agonies of uncertainty and qualms of doubt as to whether her cap-box had been brought in, and whether she was to be invited up-stairs to adjust it properly or not.

"No, we have no one to wait for. No probability of Ffrench coming, I suppose?" Mr. Linley asked carelessly, turning to Frank Burgoyne.

"None at all—that is, I fancy he is engaged with Lord Lesborough," Frank answered, and Theo saw that he glanced uneasily at her as he spoke.

Mrs. Galton rose, and led the way into the dining-room, and Mrs. Vaughan was fain to follow, with her bonnet on.

"It's rather singular," Mrs. Galton began, in an explanatory tone when they were seated, "a cousin of mine, Harold Ffrench, has come down to stay at Maddington."

"Oh! indeed!" (Mrs. Vaughan was but indifferently interested in the cousin of a woman who had shown such lack of consideration for her comfort and her cap.) "Oh! indeed! Harold Ffrench."

"Yes; such a nice fellow. I wish he could have come to-day, don't you, John? He would have been quite an acquisition, wouldn't he?" Mrs. Galton addressed Theo this time, and glanced at her from between half-closed lids in a way that Theo found very hard to bear.

"He would," she said. She had been shocked by the abrupt announcement of his being in her vicinity, but she felt that it was intended to be a shock to her, therefore she resolved to make the signs of its being so as few and little visible as possible. In such a case it is surely pardonable to deceive observant friends.

"Ah! to be sure, Theo knows him," Ethel Burgoyne observed, in all innocence. "He's a great friend of yours, isn't he, Theo? I forgot to tell him till this morning that you were here."

"I never heard Theo speak of him," Mrs. Vaughan struck in, with prompt indignation; "why didn't you tell me you knew him, child? I hate—" she was going to add that "she hated such sly ways," but the Burgoyne alliance should never be frustrated by her. Frank might revolt at anything underhand.

"There was no occasion to speak of him, aunt, more than of any other man whom I have known and you have not."

Theo was seated next to her host.

"Let me give you some Chablis with your oysters," he said; then he went on in a lower tone, "Bravely said, Theo: you have known him, and, knowing him, feel that there is 'no occasion to' speak of him again."

"I did not mean that at all, Mr. Linley," she said aloud, and he raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, as though he would say, "if she would be indiscreet, well!"

"What didn't you mean at all, Theo?" Mrs. Vaughan asked, sharply. There was an element introduced into the conversation that was beyond her comprehension, and the being compelled to eat in her bonnet always, "muddled her," as she expressed it. "Sirs, I hit where I dare," is a principle that is frequently acted upon. Mrs. Vaughan, under the influence of wrath, felt that it behoved her to be rigorous as to Theo's meaning and manners.

"I didn't at all mean that Mr. Ffrench was not worth speaking about," Theo answered.

"And who (pray, Mr. Vaughan, allow me to say a word to my own niece without trying to put me down with such looks,) thought you did mean it?"

"Mr. Linley thought so, and it's not at all what I meant." Theo was nearly choking with wrath now, for Linley was smiling (derisively she thought,) and Kate gazing at her with admirably portrayed astonishment.

"I am sure my cousin would be very much obliged to you," Mrs. Galton said, coldly. Then she murmured in a low voice to Frank and Ethel Burgoyne who were seated near to her, "Heaven preserve me from friends who tilt at windmill on my behalf."

"It did seem rather uncalled for—unless there's more in it than I know of," Ethel Burgoyne replied, looking at Theo curiously.

Then Mrs. Galton played with her rings, and said:

"Theo Leigh is rather imaginative, you know, and imagination often leads people astray; don't mention this absurd scene to Harold, please: I should be sorry that he should know what a little fool she makes of herself.

"Was it *his* wife,—that Mr. Harold Ffrench's wife,—you were going over to Rockheath Park once to see, Mr. Linley?" Sydney Scott asked. Miss Sydney had been slightly in the background for a short time, and she hated being there; she came to the front again most affectively.

"His wife!" Ethel Burgoyne exclaimed, "his *what!*"

"Shall I betray him?" Linley shot these words in a low whisper at Theo, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne was watching her.

"Not now," poor Theo answered, and almost before the echo of her own words had died away she heard Linley saying—

"My dear Miss Scott, I little thought that spoken words of mine so dwelt in your mind. This Mrs. Harold Ffrench is the wife of the man I knew long ago, Mrs. Galton, the man I thought your cousin might be when I heard his name first this year," he continued, addressing Kate.

"Oh! I see," Kate replied, and from Kate's tone Theo knew that she too was ignorant of what had been the barrier between herself and Harold Ffrench.

Theo was longing ardently that Harold Ffrench might tell the truth concerning himself to his possible benefactor, but she did not desire that anyone else should tell it: she trembled indeed with a sick pain at such a contingency. So now it began to afflict her sorely, this doubt she had as to whether Frank Burgoyne knew all about Harold or not. If he did know it, what motive had he for keeping silence with his grandfather? And if he did not know it, what motive had he for gazing at her curiously, as he had done from the first? She could but think he knew it, she could but fear he knew it; and if so, what must he, so frank, so honest himself, think of Harold Ffrench?

This statement of Harold Ffrench being in the neighborhood appeared to cast a something that was partly gloom and partly restraint over the little party. The spirits of all flagged at that luncheon-table, though it was a round one, and no one person was isolated from another. Mr. Linley took Theo at her word—he did not betray the secret of Harold Ffrench having a wife to the Burgoynes, but he made her feel that it was a mean thing to have pleaded for that protecting silence, and that Harold Ffrench was a something meaner still to need it. Over and over again as she sat there trying to partake with appetite of those viands for which the oysters and Chablis were intended to give her a zest, did she say to herself with a quailing heart,—"O, Harold, why won't you tell all, and lose all, and let the world say the worst?"

That there was gloom and constraint over all things was visible enough to others besides Theo. Kate was annoyed by what had passed relative to Harold Ffrench. She was annoyed at Harold Ffrench's having elected to stay at Maddington, instead of having come on to Lownds to see her. She was annoyed with Linley for having addressed Theo in tones too low for her (Kate) to have caught the sense of them several times. Above all she was annoyed at the prospect that loomed before her, of having to entertain Mrs. Vaughan for so long a period as that estimable matron might choose to remain there. For Theo was palpably now—for some reason or other that remained a secret to Kate—absorbed with Linley. And Frank Burgoyne would probably devote himself to Sydney, when the ice of reserve that was over all just now should be a little thinner. The gentlemen remaining would be her own husband and excellent Mr. Vaughan alone, and neither excellent Mr. Vaughan nor her husband had been in the list of her panaceas for the woe of this luncheon, when the obligation of presiding over it had been finally thrust upon her.

As for Sydney Scott, she was laboring under a sense of most cruel injustice. That nutting episode and two or three brief chance meetings since it, had made her very intimate with Frank Burgoyne. He had shown himself willing to come round entirely from the side of her friend Theo to her own. He had paid her many compliments, buttoned many refractory gloves in her service, and been generally devotional to her, in a way that had made her remember keenly that he was Lord Lesborough's heir. She knew by experience what these long hours in a shooting-box, with a luncheon as an excuse for them, are almost sure to bring forth. She had gone with high hopes, she had gone prepared for anything save finding Frank Burgoyne distraught to the degree of being more on the alert when Mrs. Galton spoke, than when she, Sydney Scott, uttered notes that but the other day he had seemed to think were dulcet.

Frank Burgoyne was distraught, horribly so, and horribly conscious of being so. Mrs. Galton was no fairer, no sweeter, no softer, or more enthralling than were dozens of women whom he had known, and who had smiled on and been forgotten by him. But she would not smile upon him: or at least she would not smile upon him particularly, nor would she particularly refrain from doing so. She caused him to see clearly that he was no more to her than another, that she considered him rather young—that she scarcely thought of him at all, in fact. So Frank Burgoyne, being unaccustomed to such a light regard from any woman about whom he thought at all, seethed in spirit, and was distraught in manner as he sat at Mrs. Galton's side, and Mrs. Galton's eyes were turned away from him languidly. He felt convinced that "those two girls had little in them," in comparison to this delicate woman with the material husband. He began to wonder why she had married the honest-hearted gentleman, who was obviously unable to reach the heights of regarding her in the dim religious light of semi-romance that he (Frank) was throwing around her. He questioned whether the "bogie of his boyhood," as he had once called Harold Ffrench, had been an active agent in the creation of that air of gentle melancholy that hung about her. He marvelled whether or not she had children, and if she had, were they that "all" to her that the "something dearest" should be to such a woman? In short he thought about her more perhaps than he should have thought of his neighbor's wife, and, not being vicious, he was sorry for it.

Sorry for it, and ashamed of it, though there had been no guilt in those thoughts. Still he was ashamed when he looked at John Galton's honest face, and Kate's apparently pure brow. There was all the sanctity of the married woman about her in Frank's eyes; spoiled and petted as he had been by women all his life, he had never learnt to think ill of them, for Ethel he knew to be pure and good, and Ethel was as a sister to him: all the weaknesses that she had, he knew.

So he turned himself resolutely from Kate at last, and found that the pretty girl whose gloves he had buttoned and whose nuts he had shelled, would not suffice to banish all thoughts of Mrs. Galton, even for those few short hours. Then once more he told himself that "there was more in Theo," and subsided into his old friendly relations with Miss Leigh, who responded to him half deprecatingly, as to one who was very generous, or very much deceived.

The shadows of dissatisfaction deepened when they rose from the table at last. For the first time Theo was panting to gain private speech of Linley, and Linley apparently had no design that she should do so. Instead of suffering the party to drift asunder and divide into pleasant knots of twos, or more, he collected it together in the room they were received in first, and installed himself in their midst, in a way that did away with all hopes of anyone's gaining private speech of him. Then, even as her aunt raged in her soul at being compelled to sit in her bonnet with a full knowledge of her best cap being up-stairs, did Theo rage at not being able to speak to him, to have it out with him, about Harold Ffrench and Harold Ffrench's wife.

She longed to tell him that she could bear it all as it was, and to put it to his manliness not to make it unbearable by speaking of it till Harold Ffrench deemed the time ripe to speak of it himself. "Till Harold deemed the time ripe:" she would put no harsher construction on his reticence than that, even to herself. When he deemed the time ripe he would cease to live this lie, and be the candid gentleman she so hardly, so vainly, sometimes strove to think him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER LUNCHEON AT LOWNDS.

Had he come there unwittingly? or had he known of her being there, and come, hoping to see her again, without apparent design? She had not questioned thus when the note of his arrival had been first sounded, for all her thoughts had been of him then. But that first flush of excitement was over, and she was standing now at a window in the drawing-room, rather apart from the rest, asking that question keenly—asking it with an anxiety she could not subdue.

The dread that she had about him! There would be danger in meeting him, and danger in evading him, danger and pain. She could not foresee anything but discomfort arising from this combination, and when she thought of how it might strike her father, she felt pitiably helpless and uncertain how to act.

If he had come knowing that she was there, and designing to see her, he had erred, in that he had been guilty of something underhand. She could not bear to think this of him; she put the fear of it away from her resolutely, and told herself that he had come in ignorance, and that he would go to-morrow perhaps, and spare her the pain a meeting here, a meeting now, must cost her. She looked up, disturbed by a slight sound, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne had come over, and was standing by her side.

"Ffrench did not know you were here, Miss Theo, till Ethel told him this morning," he said, and Theo drew a breath of relief that was a half sigh, and replied:

"You say so—you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I would have affirmed it before this, and more solemnly, had I known that you attached such importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it, Mr. Burgoyne, and I think you know why," she said, quickly. She was longing to test his knowledge to the utmost; she was capable of ruthlessly probing her wound for the sake of finding out whether or not Frank Burgoyne was wholly in Mr. Linley's confidence.

He blushed more than the girl before him as she spoke, he knew well how this must pain her, and he was so sorry for her pain.

"Do forgive me," he murmured, earnestly; "I had no right to broach the subject; but I do know enough, Theo, to make me feel sure that the assurance of the truth, the assurance that Mr. Ffrench did not know you were here, would be agreeable to you."

"Then you knew that I—" she stopped, half choked for an instant, and the blood rushed up in a flood to her brow. "Then you know that I—thought myself engaged to him once?" she went on, in a voice that she strained so hardly to steady, that Frank felt more than pity for her.

"I know that he was engaged to you, and

that for some cause he has lost you, Theo," he replied, so lovingly that Theo thought how pleasant it would be to have such a brother as this sympathetic Frank Burgoyne.

"That cause, that cause?" she interrogated eagerly, but Frank did not say whether or not he knew what it had been, and so Theo was still in doubt as to the extent of his knowledge on the subject. He only sat down on the broad seat of the latticed window, and talked to her of other things, of indifferent things, looking past her against his will the while at Kate, who saw him not. He could but watch her and her graceful affectations, and half sneer at them to himself, and watch them still, and finally gird at her in his heart for not playing any of them off upon him. He chafed under her neglect, under the spectacle of so much more being lavished upon Linley than upon himself, the "younger man." He set himself to watch her keenly; he tried to detect the minutest atom of assumption or unreality in Mrs. Galton's manner of regardlessness towards himself. To his ultimate loss he failed in detecting aught that could have put him on his guard, the lady was prepared to meet and baffle all suspicion of this unconcern of hers being other than the undersigned pure and simple offspring of her feelings towards him.

Mrs. Vaughan had thought of ordering her carriage directly after luncheon, for she was warm and weary. The day had been a failure, an utter failure, in her estimation. Frank Burgoyne had been planted as far from her niece as was possible at the table. Theo and her host had spoken in low tones; her best cap had not been suffered to see the light; and Mrs. Galton palpably was at no pains to entertain her (Mrs. Vaughan.) The sense of these evils was upon her strongly as they came back into the room with the oaken rafter, and it caused her to tell Mr. Vaughan that she should order the carriage, and go home at once; and why they had come she for one could not tell, for certainly they were not wanted.

"It will scarcely do to go just yet, will it, my dear?" Mr. Vaughan had replied, and there was something about his manner of saying it that showed Mrs. Vaughan that the day had not been such a failure to her lord and master as it had been to herself. In truth he had been discussing church-rates and parochial matters generally with John Galton, and was very happy, and in no hurry to be put away on the back seat of the carriage and galled by the cap-box again.

"Whether it will 'do' or whether it won't (and why it shouldn't I should like you to tell me,) I shall go at once," Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined. But just then Frank Burgoyne followed Theo to the window, and Mrs. Vaughan resolved to be all the thoughtful relative, and to bear her bonnet and Kate Galton's neglect for yet another little while.

For Kate, graceful lady, charming hostess as she was, and could be at times, was negligent of Mrs. Vaughan. She had not wanted Mrs. Vaughan and her party here, and now that they were here, she let it be seen, not that she had "not wanted them," she was too well-bred for that, but that she felt that she could not entertain them; that she lamented this incapability, but still was helpless. "It's a cruel kindness asking people to come so far, and having nothing to amuse them when they do come, Mrs. Vaughan," Mrs. Galton said once to Mrs. Vaughan. "I am afraid you find it very dull." Then Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined, "Oh! pray don't mention it: very nice and pleasant, I'm sure," and had thought that were Mrs. Vaughan properly afflicted with fears as to its being dull she might ask her to "walk round the garden," or, "look into the dairy," or, "see the house," or propose any of the many other things ladies of an inquiring turn of mind and an active habit of body like to do when they find themselves in strange quarters. But there was no dairy to see at Lownds, and Mrs. Galton would not have offered to do the honors of it had there been one; and as for walking round the garden, she read at a glance that Mrs. Vaughan would have bored her as to the names of flowers and plants. Therefore Kate did not propose any of the pastimes that Mrs. Vaughan had come to consider customary in a country house, and so Mrs. Vaughan felt herself neglected, and cast about for a vessel on which to wreak her wrath.

Theo was employed profitably, her aunt hoped, harmlessly she could but see, with Frank Burgoyne in the window. The legal recipient of her sorrows and angers was deep in the discussion of a large-hearted scheme for the furtherance of decency and order in laborers' cottages. It wounded his wife to see him so rosy and comfortable while she was crimson and uncomfortable; it hurt her that he should be discoursing in such a friendly spirit with the husband of the woman who was leaving her to her own devices; it aggrieved her horribly that he should permit enjoyment to appear upon his countenance when all was vexation of spirit with her. She was preparing to swoop down upon him with some significant reminder, with something that should at once and thoroughly rouse him to a sense of his baseness in being gay when she was sad—and savage—when her eyes fell on Sydney Scott, and wrath was averted from the head of her spouse.

To no one had the day been a greater failure than to Sydney. She had come prepared to see Frank Burgoyne do very terrible things in Mrs. Vaughan's eyes; she had come joyfully expectant of Frank and herself infuriating her hostess beyond those bounds of fury she had seen Mrs. Vaughan observe hitherto. She had thought herself round into rather a soft state of mind about the handsome young man whose prospects were so good, and had cashiered Hargrave of the —th, who had nothing but his pay, and not too much of that. She had told herself that "Frank understood her," and had bitterly lamented the lacking violets bows. It was hard on her, therefore, to come and find him pre-occupied with his own thoughts at luncheon (that refection, which former experience had taught her can be lingered over so long and pleasantly, and at which two can absorb themselves, and separate themselves from the rest so much more easily than at a more formal dinner). It was harder still to find him occupied with Theo in the wide latticed window after luncheon. Those things were hard; but harder than all else was the fact of there being no one who could take Frank's place, and assist her in proving her indifference to this unlooked-for desertion. She was compelled to sit and look on, and to know that they knew she was compelled to be thus quiescent, which was worse than all else.

She could not even fall back upon Ethel Burgoyne, for Ethel had picked up a book and was evidently interested in it; besides, conversation with Ethel just then would have been as panada after caviare. His aunt was all very well as one of the family, but was with the nephew that Sydney had proposed conversing principally today. Twice Mr. Linley attempted to draw her into the conversation with Kate and himself, but Kate did not back him, and Sydney did not respond. She had no intention of playing second to Mrs. Galton, so she made her answers to his polite attempts in good-tempered monosyllables, and waited.

Sydney had a marvellous power of looking bright, and unconcerned, and good-tempered, when in reality she was none of these things. She was none of them now, as I have shown, but she seemed them all; even clear-sighted Mr. Linley thought so, when he passed near her to get a screen for Mrs. Galton, and she (Sydney) said to him,—

"Very jolly it is, being here."

Her tone challenged an answer quite as much as her words, and after giving Kate the screen he came back to make that answer, standing before her in the way she liked to see men stand—in a way that showed lookers-on they were devoting their words to her alone, and looking down at her youth (she was redolent of that same wonderful spirit of youth) with the admiration those alone can feel for it who have left it behind.

"I was afraid you were not finding it jolly at all. I am an old bachelor, and I forgot that when I invited a couple of pretty young ladies I ought to have provided against monotony reigning by inviting a corresponding number of cavaliers."

"Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley," (she was franker than ever, for she was resolved not to lapse into obscurity again.) "Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley, for my sake."

"I will be more provident the next time you honor me," he replied, and there was ever so small a tone of chagrin in his voice. He had hardly anticipated the pretty flirt telling him so jauntily that she wished for the society of another man, though he had been neglecting her.

"That is right, do," she answered, and then she lowered her voice, but not her eyes, and went on, "and then perhaps Mrs. Galton will be good enough to monopolise him, and leave me a chance of having a word with you, Mr. Linley, for you're the oldest friend I have here, you know," she went on pathetically, "except Theo, and I only knew her one day before I knew you."

When she said that, Mr. Linley remembered the night on the terrace, and the nutting the other day, and the way she had thrown him over then for Frank, and many other little episodes in this young lady's life that he had marked. He recovered the judgment he had nearly lost when she seemed to be frankly lamenting that there was no young cavalier here this day. He recovered his judgment about her, and declared her to be but a bungling coquette after all. However he remained there, standing before her, and looking down admiringly on the fair youthful head, until at last he took both her pretty little plump white hands in his, in order that he might read their palms and something of her character, "which was a mystery to him," he said, to her delight. It was at this juncture, just at the commencement of the reading, that Mrs. Vaughan's eyes fell upon her young guest, and wrath was averted from the head of the vicar of Hensley.

"I think it high time that we were going, if we are to get back to Housley to-night, Mr. Vaughan," Aunt Libby exclaimed, rising up with a flutter that sounded through the room like the springing of an agitated hen.

"Surely not yet, Mrs. Vaughan; don't go yet," Mr. Linley answered, looking round at her, but not releasing Sydney's hands.

"But indeed I shall." Mrs. Vaughan snapped rather than spoke these words, they went off with a click in Theo's ears, and made her come away from the window, for they betokened anger.

"*Will* you order the carriage, Mr. Vaughan, or must I? *will* you be good enough to say good-bye to Mrs. Galton, and not keep the carriage waiting, Miss Scott?" The old lady was bridling her head at Sydney, and flashing glances of unmistakable anger at her, but Sydney would not cast her weapons from her and cry for mercy.

"There will be plenty of time to tell what I am, and what I'll be, Mr. Linley, if you make haste. I won't keep the old horse waiting, Mrs. Vaughan; poor old fellow! I wouldn't be the cause of his getting a cold, and roaring more than he does already, for the world. That means that 'I shall be fortunate in all I undertake,' does it? how nice. And that other one—what's that? I never noticed my hand being so full of ugly marks before. Let me see if you have any of the same lines, Mr. Linley; here's one—no, it's a cut; how did you get that *tremendous* scar, Mr. Linley?"

He dropped her hands suddenly.

"It's not tremendous, it's a mere scratch, you little exaggerator," he said, quietly.

Then Frank Burgoyne, who had come up to hear what they were all talking about, said:

"Ah! I've often remarked that Linley. It's a sabre cut, isn't it?"

"I am sorry there is no time to tell a story about it before Mrs. Vaughan leaves us to gloom," Linley answered, "You have had one little specimen of my skill in the art of narration, haven't you, Miss Leigh?" he added inquiringly.

"Yes," Theo replied curtly.

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Galton put in. "You told me some amusing nonsense the night we met you at Lady Gleskill's, about a girl being torn through some bars, and being married to the wrong man, and Harold Ffrench would be grand about it, and refuse to have his name given to the fictitious hero."

"You honor me too much by so clearly remembering the pith of my poor story," Mr. Linley said, bowing to Kate. "You remember it better than that, don't you?" he added abruptly to Theo, and Theo answered "yes" again, and asked him piteously with her eyes, "why did she so remember it?"

To which mute question he did not make reply, but perhaps that might have been because the leave-taking became general at the moment, and Ethel Burgoyne was rather loudly demanding to know whether they would not all of them go to Maddington the following day, and see Mr. Harold Ffrench.

"Perhaps we may, my dear, if I feel equal to it," Mrs. Vaughan murmured; "but the charge that girl is to me words can't tell. I wouldn't have had her down if Theo had given me a hint—no, nor half a hint."

"Oh! she's all right, dear Mrs. Vaughan," Ethel said hopefully.

"Well, I hope she may be, but I don't think it," Mrs. Vaughan replied, relapsing into a state of doubt as to Sydney with virtuous celerity. "*Such* ways, and such manners, and such assurance in a girl of that age, makes me tremble! actually tremble!"

And Mrs. Vaughan trembled forthwith to an extraordinary extent, considering that she was neither cold nor hungry. Perishing starvation could not have shaken more vigorously than did Mrs. Vaughan under the influence of feelings that may not be analyzed with regard to this young charge of hers, who suffered men to hold her hands and read her character the while.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Stephen Girard.

[The following article is condensed from one in the North American Review, by James Parton.]

I.

HIS PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Within the memory of many persons still alive, "old Girard," as the famous banker was usually styled—a short, stout, brisk old gentleman—used to walk in his swift, awkward way, the streets of the lower part of Philadelphia. Though everything about him indicated that he had very little in common with his fellow-citizens, he was the marked man of the city for more than a generation. His aspect was rather insignificant and quite unprepossessing. His dress was old-fashioned and shabby; and he wore the pig-tail, the white neck-cloth, the wide-brimmed hat, and the large-skirted coat of the last century. He was blind of one eye; and though his bushy eyebrows gave some character to his countenance, it was curiously void of expression. He had also the absent look of a man who either had no thoughts or was absorbed in thought; and he shuffled along on his enormous feet, looking neither to the right nor to the left. There was always a certain look of the old mariner about him, though he had been fifty years an inhabitant of the town. When he rode, it was in the plainest, least comfortable gig in Philadelphia, drawn by an ancient and ill-formed horse, driven always by the master's own hand at a good pace. He chose still to live where he had lived for fifty years, in Water street, close to the wharves, in a small and inconvenient house, darkened by tall storehouses, amid the bustle, and noise, and the odors of commerce. His sole pleasure was to visit once a day a little farm which he possessed a few miles out of town, where he was wont to take off his coat, roll up his shirt-sleeves, and personally labor in the field and in the barn, hoeing corn, pruning trees, tossing hay, and not disdaining even to assist in butchering the animals which he raised for market. It was no merely ornamental or experimental farm. He made it pay. All of its produce was carefully, nay, scrupulously husbanded, sold, recorded, and accounted for. He loved his grapes, his plums, his pigs, and especially his rare breed of Canary birds; but the people of Philadelphia had the full benefit of their increase—at the highest market rates.

Many feared, many served, but none loved this singular and lonely old man. If there was among the very few who habitually conversed with him one understood and esteemed him, there was but one; and he was a man of such abounding charity, that, like Uncle Toby, if he had heard that the devil was hopelessly damned, he would have said, "I am sorry for it." Never was there a person more destitute than Girard of the qualities which win the affections of others. His temper was violent, his presence forbidding, his usual manner ungracious, his will inflexible, his heart untender, his imagination dead. He was odious to many of his fellow-citizens, who considered him the hardest and meanest of men. He had lived among them for half a century, but he was no more a Philadelphian in 1830 than he was in 1776. He still spoke with a French accent, and accompanied his words with a French shrug and French gesticulation. Surrounded with Christian churches which he had helped to build, he remained a sturdy unbeliever, and possessed the complete works of only one man, Voltaire. He made it a point of duty to labor on Sunday, as a good example to others. He made no secret of the fact, that he considered the idleness of Sunday an injury to the people, moral and economical. He would have opened his bank on Sundays, if any one would have come to it. For his part, he required no rest, and would have none. He never travelled. He never attended public assemblies or amusements. He had no affections to gratify, no friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no tastes to indulge. What he once said of himself appeared to be true, that he rose in the morning with but a single object, and that was to labor so hard all day as to be able to sleep all night. The world was absolutely nothing to him but a working-place. He scorned and scouted the opinion that old men should cease to labor, and should spend the evening of their days in tranquillity. "No," he would say, "labor is the price of life, its happiness, its everything; to rest is to rust; every man should labor to the last hour of his ability." Such was Stephen Girard, the richest man who ever lived in Pennsylvania.

II.

HIS YOUTHFUL DAYS.

Girard's recollections of his childhood were tinged with bitterness. He was born at Bordeaux in 1750. He was the eldest of the five children of Captain Pierre Girard, a mariner of substance and respectability. He used to complain that, while his younger brothers were taught at college, his own education was neglected, and that he acquired at home little more than the ability to read and write. He remembered, too, that at the age of eight years he discovered, to his shame and sorrow, that one of his eyes was blind—a circumstance that exposed him to the taunts of his companions. The influence of a personal defect, and of the ridicule it occasions, upon the character of a sensitive child, can be understood only by those whose childhood was embittered from that cause; but such cases as those of Byron and Girard should teach those who have the charge of youth the crime it is to permit such defects to be the subject of remark. Girard also early lost his mother, an event which soon brought him under the sway of a stepmother. Doubtless he was a willful, arbitrary, and irascible boy, since we know that he was a willful, arbitrary, and irascible man. Before he was fourteen, having chosen the profession of his father, he left home, with his father's consent, and went to sea in the capacity of cabin-boy. He used to boast, late in life, that he began the world with sixpence in his pocket. Quite enough for a cabin-boy.

For nine years he sailed between Bordeaux and the French West Indies, returning at length with the rank of first mate, or, as the French term it, lieutenant of his vessel. He had well improved his time. Some of the defects of his early education he had supplied by study, and it is evident that he had been made a skilful navigator. It was then the law of France that no man should command a vessel who was not twenty-five years old, and he had not sailed two cruises in a ship of the royal navy. Girard was but twenty-three, and had sailed in none but merchant vessels. His father, however, had influence enough to procure him a dispensation; and in 1773 he was licensed to command. He appears to have been scarcely just to his father when he wrote, sixty-three years after: "I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that my conduct, my labor, and my economy have enabled me to do one hundred times more for my relations than they all together have ever done for me since the day of my birth." In the mere amount of money expended, this may have been true; but it is the *start* towards fortune that is so difficult. His father, besides procuring the dispensation, assisted him to purchase goods for his first commercial venture. At the age of twenty-four, we find him sailing to the West Indies; not indeed in command of the vessel, but probably as mate and supercargo, and part owner of goods to the value of three thousand dollars. He never trod his native land again. Having disposed of his cargo and taken on board another, he sailed for New York, which he reached in 1774. The storm of war, which was soon to sweep commerce from the ocean, was already muttering below the horizon, when Stephen Girard, "mariner and merchant," as he always delighted to style himself, first saw the land wherein his lot was to be cast. For two years longer, however, he continued to exercise his twofold vocation. An ancient certificate, preserved among his papers, informs the curious explorer, that, "In the year 1774, Stephen Girard sailed as mate of a vessel from New York to [New] Orleans, and that he continued to sail out of the said port until May 1776, when he arrived in Philadelphia commander of a sloop," of which the said Stephen Girard was part owner.

III.

HE BEGINS BUSINESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

He was a mariner no more. The great fleet of Lord Howe arrived at New York in July. Every harbor was blockaded, and all commerce was suspended. Even the cargoes of tobacco dispatched by Congress to their Commissioners in France for the purchase of arms and stores, were usually captured before they had cleared the Capes. Captain Girard now rented a small store in Water street, near the spot where he lived for nearly sixty years, in which he carried on the business of a grocer and wine-bottler. Those who knew him at this time report that he was a taciturn, repulsive young man, never associating with men of his own age and calling, devoted to business, close in his dealings, of the most rigorous economy, and preserving still the rough clothing and general appearance of a sailor. Though but twenty-six years of age, he was called "old Girard." He seemed conscious of his inability to please, but bore the derision of his neighbors with stoical equanimity, and plodded on.

War favors the skilful and enterprising business man. Girard had a genius for business. He was not less bold in his operations than prudent; and his judgment as a man of business was well-nigh infallible. Destitute of all false pride, he bought whatever he thought he could sell to advantage, from a lot of damaged cordage to a pipe of old port; and he labored incessantly with his own hands. He was a thriving man during the first year of his residence in Philadelphia; his chief gain, it is said, being derived from his favorite business of bottling wine and cider.

IV.

HIS LOVE, MARRIAGE AND ITS RESULTS.

The romance, the mystery, the tragedy of his life now occurred. Walking along Water street one day, near the corner of Vine street, the eyes of this reserved and ill-favored man where caught by a beautiful servant-girl going to the pump for a pail of water. She was an enchanting brunette of sixteen, with luxuriant black locks curling and clustering about her neck. As she tripped along with bare feet and empty pail, in airy and unconscious grace, she captivated the susceptible Frenchman, who saw in her the realization of the songs of the forecastle and the reveries of the quarter-deck. He sought her acquaintance, and made himself at home in her kitchen. The family whom she served, misinterpreting the designs of the thriving dealer, forbade him the house; when he silenced their scruples by offering the girl his hand in marriage. Ill-starred Polly Lumm! Unhappy Girard! She accepted his offer; and in July, 1777, the incongruous two, being united in matrimony, attempted to become one.

The war interrupted their brief felicity. Philadelphia, often threatened, fell into the hands of Lord Howe in September, 1777; and among the thousands who needlessly fled at his approach were "old Girard" and his pretty young wife. He bought a house at Mount Holly, near Burlington, in New Jersey, for five hundred dollars, to which he removed, and there continued to bottle claret and sell it to the British officers, until the departure of Lord Howe, in June, 1778, permitted his return to Philadelphia. The gay young officers, it is said, who came to his house at Mount Holly to drink his claret, were far from being insensible to the charms of Mrs. Girard; and tradition further reports that on one occasion a dashing colonel snatched a kiss, which the sailor resented, and compelled the officer to apologize for.

Of all miserable marriages this was one of the most miserable. Here was a young, beautiful and ignorant girl united to a close, ungracious, eager man of business, devoid of sentiment, with a violent temper and an unyielding will. She was an American, he a Frenchman; and that alone was an immense incompatibility. She was seventeen, he was twenty-seven. She was a woman; he was a man without imagination, intolerant of foibles. She was a beauty, with the natural vanities of a beauty; he not merely had no taste for decoration, he disapproved it on principle. These points of difference would alone have sufficed to endanger their domestic peace; but time developed something that was fatal to it. Their abode was the scene of contention for eight years, at the expiration of which period Mrs. Girard showed such symptoms of insanity that her husband was obliged to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital. In these distressing circumstances, he appears to have spared no pains for her restoration. He removed her to a place in the country, but without effect. She returned to his house only to render life insupportable to him. He resumed his old calling as a mariner, and made a voyage to the Mediterranean; but on his return he found his wife not less unmanageable than before. In 1790, thirteen years after their marriage, and five after the first exhibition of insanity, Mrs. Girard was placed permanently in the hospital; where, nine months after, she gave birth to a female child. The child soon died; the mother never recovered her reason. For twenty-five years she lived in the hospital, and, dying in 1815, was buried in the hospital grounds after the manner of the Quakers. The coffin was brought to the grave, followed by the husband and the managers of the institution, who remained standing about it in silence for several minutes. It was then lowered to its final resting-place, and again the company remained motionless and silent for a while. Girard looked at the coffin once more, then turned to an acquaintance and said, as he walked away, "It is very well." A green mound, without headstone or monument, still marks the spot where the remains of this unhappy woman repose. Girard, both during his lifetime and after his death, was a liberal, though not lavish, benefactor of the institution which had so long sheltered his wife.

V.

HE IS A PHILANTHROPIST.

We have now to contemplate this cold, close, ungainly, ungracious man in a new character. We are to see that a man may seem indifferent to the woes of individuals, but perform sublime acts of devotion to a community. We are to observe that there are men of sterling but peculiar metal, who only shine when the furnaces of general affliction is hottest. In 1793, the malignant yellow fever desolated Philadelphia. The consternation of the people cannot be conceived by readers of the present day, because we cannot conceive of the ignorance which then prevailed respecting the laws of contagion; because we have lost, in some degree, the habit of panic, and because no kind of horror can be so novel to us as the yellow fever was to the people of Philadelphia in 1793. One-half of the population fled. Those who remained left their houses only when compelled. Most of the churches, the great Coffee House, the Library, were closed. Of four daily newspapers, one only continued to be published. Some people constantly smoked tobacco—even women and children did so; others chewed garlic; others exploded gun-powder; others burned nitre or sprinkled vinegar; many assiduously white-washed every surface within their reach, some carried tarred rope in their hands, or bags of camphor round their necks; others never ventured abroad without a handkerchief or a sponge wet with vinegar at their noses. No one ventured to shake hands. Friends who met in the streets gave each other a wide berth, eyed one another askance, exchanged nods and strode on. It was a custom to walk in the middle of the street, to get as far from the houses as possible. Many of the sick died without help, and the dead were buried without ceremony. The horrid silence of the streets was broken only by the tread of litter-bearers and the awful rumble of the dead-wagon. Whole families perished—perished without assistance, their fate unknown to their neighbors. Money was powerless to buy attendance, for the operation of all ordinary motives was suspended. From the 1st of August to the 9th of November, in a population of twenty-five thousand, there were four thousand and thirty-one burials; about one in six.

Happily for the honor of human nature, there are always, in times like these, great souls whom base panic cannot prostrate. A few brave physicians, a few faithful clergymen, a few high-minded citizens, a few noble women, remembered and practiced what is due to humanity overtaken by a calamity like this. On the 10th of September, a notice, without signature, appeared in the only paper published, stating that all but three of the Visitors of the Poor were sick, dead or missing, and calling upon all who were willing to help to meet at the City Hall on the 12th. From those who attended the meeting a committee of twenty-seven was appointed to superintend the measures for relief, of whom Stephen Girard was one. On Sunday, the 15th, the committee met, and the condition of the great hospital at Bush Hill was laid before them. It was unclean, ill-regulated, crowded and ill-supplied. Nurses could not be hired at any price, for even to approach it was deemed certain death. Then, to the inexpressible astonishment and admiration of the committee, two men of wealth and importance in the city offered personally to take charge of the hospital during the prevalence of the disease. Girard was one of these, Peter Helm the other. Girard appears to have been the first to offer himself. "Stephen Girard," records Matthew Carey, a member of the committee, "sympathising with the wretched situation of the sufferers at Bush Hill, voluntarily and unexpectedly offered himself as a manager to superintend that hospital. The surprise and satisfaction excited by this extraordinary effort of humanity can be better conceived than expressed."

That very afternoon Girard and Helm went out to the hospital, and entered upon their perilous and repulsive duty. Girard chose the post of honor. He took charge of the interior of the hospital, while Mr. Helm conducted its out-door affairs. For sixty days he continued to perform, by day and night, all the distressing and revolting offices incident to the situation. In the great scarcity of help he used frequently to receive the sick and dying at the gate, assist in carrying them to their beds, nurse them, receive their last messages, watch for their last breath, and then, wrapping them in the sheet they had died upon, carry them out to the burial-ground and place them in the trench. He had a vivid recollection of the difficulty of finding any kind of fabric in which to wrap the dead, when the vast number of interments had exhausted the supply of sheets. "I would pub them," he would say, "in any old rag I could find." If he ever left the hospital, it was to visit the infected districts and assist in removing the sick from the houses in which they were dying without help. One scene of this kind, witnessed by a merchant, who was hurrying past with camphored handkerchief pressed to his mouth, affords us a vivid glimpse of this heroic man engaged in his sublime vocation. A carriage, rapidly driven by a black man, broke the silence of the deserted and grass-grown street. It stopped before a frame house, and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage, and quickly remounted to the box. A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach and entered the house. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry, and soon saw the stout little man supporting with extreme difficulty a tall, gaunt, yellow-visaged victim of the pestilence. Girard held round the

waist the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own; his long, damp, tangled hair mingled with Girard's; his feet dragging helpless upon the pavement. Thus he drew him to the carriage door, the driver averting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. Partly dragging, partly lifting, he succeeded, after long and severe exertion, in getting him into the vehicle. He then entered it himself, closed the door, and the carriage drove away towards the hospital. "A man who can do such things at such a time may commit errors and cherish erroneous opinions, but the essence of that which makes the difference between a good man and a bad man must dwell within him.

VI.

HOW HE GOT RICHES.

It is not by nursing the sick, however, that men acquire colossal fortunes. We revert, therefore, to the business career of this extraordinary man. Girard, in the ancient and honorable acceptation of the term was a merchant; i. e, a man who sent his own ships to foreign countries, and exchanged their products for those of his own. Beginning in the West India trade, with one small schooner built with difficulty and managed with caution, he expanded his business as his capital increased, until he was the owner of a fleet of merchantmen, and brought home to Philadelphia the products of every clime. Beginning with single voyages, his vessels merely sailing to a foreign port and back again, he was accustomed at length to project great mercantile cruises, extending over long periods of time, and embracing many ports. A ship loaded with cotton and grain would sail, for example, to Bordeaux, there discharge, and take in a cargo of wine and fruit; thence to St. Petersburg, where she would exchange her wine and fruit for hemp and iron; then to Amsterdam, where the hemp and iron would be sold for dollars; to Calcutta next for a cargo of tea and silks, with which the ship would return to Philadelphia. Such were the voyages so often successfully made by the "Voltaire," the "Rousseau," the "Helvetius," and the "Montesquieu;" ships long the pride of Girard and the boast of Philadelphia, their names being the tribute paid by the merchant to the literature of his native land. He seldom failed to make very large profits. He rarely, if ever, lost a ship.

Legitimate commerce makes many men rich; but in Girard's day no man gained by it ten millions of dollars. It was the war of 1812, which suspended commerce, that made this merchant so enormously rich. In 1811, the charter of the old United States Bank expired; and the casting vote of Vice-President George Clinton negatived the bill for rechartering it. When war was imminent, Girard had a million of dollars in the bank of Baring Brothers in London. This large sum, useless then for purposes of commerce—in peril, too, from the disturbed condition of English finance—he invested in United States stock and in the stock of the United States Bank, both being depreciated in England. Being thus a large holder of the stock of the bank, the charter having expired, and its affairs being in liquidation, he bought out the entire concern; and, merely changing the name to Girard's bank, continued it in being as a private institution, in the same building, with the same coin in its vaults, the same bank-notes, the same cashier and clerks. The banking-house and the house of the cashier, which cost $330,000, he bought for $120,000. The stock, which he bought at four hundred and twenty, proved to be worth, on the winding up of the old bank, four hundred and thirty-four. Thus, by this operation, he extricated his property in England, invested it wisely in America, established a new business in place of one that could no longer be carried on, and saved the mercantile community from a considerable part of the loss and embarrassment which the total annihilation of the bank would have occasioned.

From the close of the war to the end of his life, a period of sixteen years, Girard pursued the even tenor of his way, as keen and steady in the pursuit of wealth, and as careful in preserving it, as though his fortune were still insecure. Why was this? We should answer the question thus:—Because his defective education left him no other resource. We frequently hear the "success" of such men as Astor and Girard adduced as evidence of the uselessness of early education. On the contrary, it is precisely such men who prove its necessity; since, when they have conquered fortune, they know not how to avail themselves of its advantages. When Franklin had, at the age of forty-two, won a moderate competence, he could turn from business to science, and from science to the public service, using money as a means to the noblest end. Strong-minded but unlettered men, like Girard, who cannot be idle, must needs plod on to the end, adding superfluous millions to their estates. In Girard's case, too, there was another cause of this entire devotion to business. His domestic sorrows had estranged him from mankind, and drives him into himself.

VII.

HOW HE MADE HIS CELEBRATED WILL.

After the peace of 1815, Girard began to consider what he should do with his millions after death. He was then sixty-five, but he expected and meant to live to a good age. "The Russians," he would say, when he was mixing his *olla podrida* of a Russian salad, "understand how to eat and drink, and I am going to see how long, by following their customs, I can live." He kept an excellent table, but he became abstemious as he grew older, and lived chiefly on his salad and his good claret. Enjoying perfect health, it was not until about the year 1828, when he was seventy-eight years of age, that he entered upon the serious consideration of a plan for the final disposal of his immense estate. Upon one point his mind had long been made up. "No man," said he, "shall be a gentleman on *my* money." He often said that, even if he had had a son, he should have been brought up to labor, and should not, by a great legacy, be exempted from the necessity of labor. "If I should leave him twenty thousand dollars," he said, "he would be lazy or turn gambler." Very likely. The son of a man like Girard, who was virtuous without being able to make virtue engaging, whose mind was strong, but rigid and ill-furnished, commanding but uninstructive, is likely to have a barren mind and rampant desires, the twin causes of debauchery. His decided inclination was to leave the bulk of his property for the endowment of an institution of some kind for the benefit of Philadelphia. The only question was, what kind of institution it should be.

William J. Duane was his legal adviser then—that honest and intrepid William J. Duane, who, a few years later, stood calmly his ground on the question of the removal of the deposits against the infuriate Jackson, the Kitchen Cabinet, and the Democratic party. Girard felt all the worth of this honorable and able lawyer. With him alone he conversed upon the projected institution; and Mr. Duane, without revealing his purpose, made inquiries among his travelled friends respecting the endowed establishments of foreign countries. For several months before sitting down to prepare the will, they never met without conversing upon this topic, which was also the chief subject of discourse between them on Sunday afternoons, when Mr. Duane invariably dined at Mr. Girard's country-house. A home for the education of orphans was at length decided upon, and then the will was drawn. For three weeks the lawyer and his client were closeted, toiling at the multifarious details of that curious document.

The minor bequests were speedily arranged, though they were numerous and well considered. He left to the Pennsylvania Hospital thirty thousand dollars; to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, twenty thousand; to the Orphan Asylum, ten thousand; to the Lancaster Public Schools, the same sum; the same for providing fuel for the poor in Philadelphia; the same to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Sea Captains and their Families; to the Freemasons of Pennsylvania, for the relief of poor members, twenty thousand; six thousand for the establishment of a free school in Passyunk, near Philadelphia; to his surviving brother, and to his eleven nieces, he left sums varying from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand; but to one of his nieces, who had a very large family, he left sixty thousand dollars. To each of the captains who had made two voyages in his service, and who should bring in his ship safely into port, he gave fifteen hundred dollars; and to each of his apprentices five hundred. To his old servants he left annuities of three hundred and five hundred dollars each. A portion of his valuable estates in Louisiana he bequeathed to the corporation of New Orleans, for the improvement of that city. Half a million he left for certain improvements in the city of Philadelphia; and to Pennsylvania, three hundred thousand dollars for her canals. The whole of the residue of his property, worth then about six millions of dollars, he devoted to the construction and endowment of a College for Orphans.

In February, 1830, the will was executed, and deposited in Mr. Girard's iron safe. None but the two men who had drawn the will, and the three men who witnessed the signing of it, were aware of its existence; and none but Girard and Mr. Duane had the least knowledge of its contents. There never was such a keeper of his own secrets as Girard, and never a more faithful keeper of other men's secrets than Mr. Duane. And here we have another illustration of the old man's character. He had just signed a will of unexampled liberality to the public; and the sum which he gave the able and devoted lawyer for his three weeks' labor in drawing it was three hundred dollars!

Girard lived nearly two years longer, always devoted to business, and still investing his gains with care. An accident in the street gave a shock to his constitution from which he never fully recovered; and in December, 1831, when he was nearly eighty-two years of age, an attack of influenza terminated his life. True to his principles, he refused to be cupped, or to take drugs into his system, though both were prescribed by a physician whom he respected.

VIII.

A DRAMATIC SCENE ABOUT HIS WILL.

Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few men had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able personally to enforce it. The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money, there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wine, kept up a continual carouse. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor, he told them there was, and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this, their desire to learn its contents rose to fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will were not immediately produced; and at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the executors.

When he had opened it, and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions, for no one had dreamed of the probability of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be gentleman upon his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentleman present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty thousand; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the least attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man, in his own lifetime, had made his kindred partakers of his superabundance, especially as he had nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seem utterly frivolous, to break the will, and employed the most eminent counsel to conduct their cause, but without effect. They did, however, succeed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will; which Girard, disregarding the opinion of Mr. Duane, attempted by a postscript to include in the will. "It will not stand," said the lawyer. "Yes it will," said Girard. Mr. Duane, knowing his man, was silent; and the courts have since decided that his opinion was correct.

IX.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

Thirty-three years have passed since the City of Philadelphia entered upon the possession of the enormous and growing estate with which Mr. Girard intrusted it. It is a question of general interest how the trust has been administered. No citizen of Philadelphia needs to be informed that, in some particulars, the government of their city has shown little more regard to the manifest will of Girard than his nephews and nieces did. If he were to revisit the banks of the Schuylkill, would he recognise, in the splendid Grecian temple that stands in the centre of the College grounds, the home for poor orphans, devoid of needless ornament, which he directed should be built there? It is singular that the very ornaments which Girard particularly disliked are those which have been employed in the erection of this temple; namely, pillars. He had such an aversion to pillars that he had at one time meditated taking down those which supported the portico of his bank. Behold his College surrounded with thirty-four Corinthian columns, six feet in diameter and fifty-nine in height, of marble, with capitals elaborately carved, each pillar having cost $13,000, and the whole colonnade $440,000! And this is the abode of poor little boys, who will leave the gorgeous scene to labor in shops, and to live in such apartments as are usually assigned to apprentices!

LIST OF THE UNION DEAD

IN SALISBURY.

December, 1864; January and February, 1865.

THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

of March 25th contains another appalling list of the dead Union Prisoners, comprising those who died in the hospitals from the 18th of December, the day upon which THE TRIBUNE'S correspondents escaped, until all the prisoners of war were removed to Richmond and Wilmington for exchange. There were many unable to obtain admission into the wretched hospitals who breathed their last in their own quarters, and of whom no memoranda whatever was kept. They go to swell the list of the nameless and unrecorded dead who have cheerfully given up their lives "for our dear country's sake," and whose memories the Republic will ever delight to honor.

The exchanged prisoners who kept and brought through this record, state that *The Salisbury Daily Watchman* is announcing the escape of THE TRIBUNE'S correspondents, pronounced the occurrence very mortifying, inasmuch as they were the most important prisoners in the garrison; but asserted that they were certain to be brought back within a week, as scouts had been sent out for them and the country alarmed in every direction. As the correspondents hid quietly in sight of the prison until the scouts had gone out, and kept all the time *behind* them, it was hardly strange that their fancied pursuers could obtain no satisfactory information concerning them!

The last report which reached the prison before the news of their safe arrival in Knoxville, stated very circumstantially that Messrs. Richardson, Browne and Davis had been seen going through the mountains on horseback, armed to the teeth, and accompanied by a deserting Rebel officer, who was also a travelling arsenal. The story probably sprung from the fact that once, while in Wilkes County, North Carolina, they were pursued for a short distance by a member of the Home Guard, who noticed that one of their companions was dressed in Rebel uniform; but who must have been blest with more than human perception if he saw any arms in the whole party.

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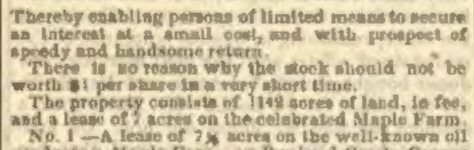

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Of the Blue Creek Oil Company is but a short distance from this land; and we are informed there are several wells now in process of boring on Mill Creek and Gauly River, and other streams in the same vicinity, and from every indication it is confidently expected will produce largely as soon as completed; which must necessarily enhance the value of the property of this Company. The lands of the Vulcan and Government Oil Companies are in the same vicinity. Also the Tradesman's Oil Company, of New York, own 2500 acres of leases on Elk River, and near this property, for which they paid $175,000, and have on the ground and on the road 20 engines, preparatory to the development of their property this spring.

The celebrated well on the Blue Creek lands has been running Oil since 1860, when, as we are informed, it was pumping 120 barrels per day, and to all appearances will continue to do so when put in order again, which the Company owning it are about doing, it having been choked up by the rebels at the commencement of the Rebellion. This tract of land, to all appearances, and in the opinion of competent judges, is as rich in Oil as the Blue Creek property. Gas and oil springs are abundant throughout all that section of country, and particularly so in the neighborhood of this property.

Second.—A lease for 20 years on the Perry L. Tygard farm, in Greene County, Pennsylvania, in the celebrated Dunkard Creek region, containing 250 acres, situate on Robert's Run, a branch of Dunkard Creek. This tract of land being extensively traversed with streams, rendering a greater portion of it bereable territory, several wells are now in successful operation, and more going down in the vicinity of this land, the region of this property being so well known as first-class Oil territory, further comment is unnecessary.

All the Minerals, Salt, Coal, Iron, &c., included in this lease at one-eighth royalty.

Third.—A lease for 20 years on the Jacob Kims farm, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, containing 68 acres, situate on George's Creek, a short distance from the celebrated Crow Well, which, we are informed, is now producing

50 BARRELS OF OIL PER DAY.

From all indications and appearances, this tract is as good Oil territory as the Crow Well property, being on the same stream, about three-fourths of a mile above. The wells now going down on York Run, and Grassy Run, and only a short distance from the Kims Tract, and on the tributaries of George's Creek, have all the appearances of fine producing wells; and we confidently expect as fine a well as the Crow Well, as soon as the Company get their engines on the ground to develope their property. It is the intention of the Company to contract at once for two engines to be sent to the property, in order that it may be immediately developed, and some fine producing wells are expected, as this land is in a region where wells are in operation, and being bored all around it. George's Creek courses through the centre of this property, rendering a greater portion of it good boring land.

This Company owning such a fine body of land in Virginia, which being underlaid with fine veins of Cannel and Bituminous Coal, and Iron Ore, will be a great source of revenue to the Company in the event of the Petroleum deposits giving out, the Stockholders can look forward to a career of prosperity which very few of the Companies now on the market will ever be able to reach.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Presentation of a Foreign Minister.

A Washington correspondent relates the following of Old Hickory:—Mentioning the foreign Ministers, it calls to mind an anecdote of Gen. Jackson and the Portuguese Charge d'Affairs, which Bailie Peyton used to tell with great effect. When Mr. McLane was Secretary of State, a new Minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to President Jackson. The hour was set, and the Secretary expected the Minister to call at the State Department for him; but Mr. McLane's French was rather difficult of comprehension, and the Portuguese misunderstood him, and proceeded to the White House alone. He rang the bell, and Jemmy O'Neal, Martin's predecessor, came to the door.

"Je suis venu voir, Monsieur le President," said the Minister.

"What the mischief does that mean?" muttered Jemmy. "He says President, though, and I s'pose he wants to see the gineral."

"Oui, oui," said the Portuguese, bowing.

So Jemmy ushered him into the green room, where the general was smoking his corn-cob pipe with great composure. The Minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the general did not understand a word.

"What does the fellow say, Jemmy?"

"Divil a know I knows—I reckon he's a furriner."

"Try him in Irish, Jemmy," said Old Hickory.

Jemmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the Minister only shrugged his shoulders, with the same usual "plat-il."

"Och," said Jemmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir—he's French, by St. Patrick."

"Then send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."

The cook was hurried from the kitchen—sleeves rolled up, apron on, and carving-knife in hand. The Minister, seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting that he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jemmy planted himself, to keep him in. When the cook, by the general's order, asked him who he was, and what he wanted, he gave a very subdued answer, to the astonishment of the cook, the President, and Jemmy, who now discovered for the first time the character of the stranger.

In this stage of the business, Mr. McLane came in, and the Minister was presented in form. But the matter could not be alluded to in Old Hickory's presence, without putting him in a passion.

Heading Off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper-ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him—

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! A moon—"

"Yes, a *full moon*."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner'n any lawyer 'n this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"*Binnacle lamp* aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator in?"

"Sho! You're joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, 'tis the *simplest* question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no *latitude* on the Equator."

That shot floored Rufus Choate.

Aim at Something.

Arthur Gilman, in one of his public addresses, tells what he calls "an Andover story." One day, he says, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding somehow or other getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country," &c. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" says one. "Why, the deacon will well nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up and asked: "*Did he hit the owl?*" That man was for getting at the point of the thing. Let all public speakers, in the pulpit and elsewhere, heed the moral. Did you aim at something, and did you hit what you aimed at? No matter about the splurge, and the smoke, and the hay—"Did you hit that owl?"

SEEING DOUBLE.—A devotee of Bacchus stepped out of a hotel at Elmira the other evening, and his perspective faculties not being particularly distinct, tumbled unawares into the canal. After paddling around about half an hour, he succeeded in getting out and obtaining admittance into the house. Shaking his hat by the stove, he exclaimed: "I say (hic) mister, this may be a darn good tavern, (hic) but I think your house (hic) has got a l-o-o-t-l-e larger cistern that it can well afford."

☞ FRIENDS.—Josh Billings says of friends: "I got mine and manage to keep them by not asking them for anything but advice; you can't ask anything of a man that he loves to give more, and costs him less, than advice."

DELIGHTFUL IGNORANCE.

CLARA.—"Cousin Charles, what do they mean in this notice of the Inauguration Ball, by 'Lumps of Delight?'"

CHARLES.—"Such darlings as yourself, Cousin Clara."

FREAK OF A MANIAC.

A Changing of Babies.

On Monday evening two gentlemen, whom we will call Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, arrived per steamer from Evansville. Each was accompanied by his wife and a little child. The offspring of Mr. Jones was a bright boy of one year, and that of Mr. Smith a beautiful girl aged about fourteen months. As the parties were going north on the 2 o'clock train they concluded to remain in the depot rather than involve the expense of rooms and lodging at the hotel, and consequently took their chances in the common room in the passenger house. As was natural, after a short time the two children fell asleep, and were comfortably stowed away, upon beds hastily improvised from shawls and blankets in different sections of the apartment, where they rested soundly after their hard day's journey. After the children had been cared for, Mr. Jones proposed to Mr. Smith that they in company with their respective wives, should go out and get some supper, but to this the ladies objected on account of the children. To leave them would be out of the question. Just then an elderly lady who had also come down upon the boat stepped forward and kindly volunteered to mind the little ones during the parents' absence, which offer, after a little debate, was accepted, and the gentlemen and ladies started off.

No sooner had the fond parents left the room, however, than the strange lady, who proved to be a maniac, conceived and executed a plan to give each family trouble. Divesting each of the children of its outer garments, she put that of one upon the other, and then, changing their localities, awaited the return of the parents. They came back at length; then each one of the fond mothers took charge of the offspring of the other, remaining in blissful ignorance of the real state of affairs until the next morning. Mr. Jones bought tickets for Anna, and Mr. Smith did the same for St. Louis. Mr. Smith took a sleeping car, but Mr. Jones did not. On arriving at Anna, Mrs. Jones discovered that her boy had been stolen, and that its place had been substituted by a child of the opposite sex, and immediately a hullabulloo was raised. Mrs. Jones went into hysterics, and Jones rushed frantically to the telegraph office to have Smith and his wife arrested at Centralia for kidnapping, which order was obeyed upon the arrival of the train.

The next train that passed Anna took Jones on board, who was intent only upon recovering Jones, Jr. We will not attempt to describe his feelings en route—that must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is quite enough to say that in due time the train arrived, and in the sitting-room of the hotel the infuriated Jones encountered the infuriated Smith, and a scene ensued which baffles description. Jones accused Smith of attempting to steal his son, Smith upbraided Jones with endeavoring to play a trick upon him. Meantime the gentle Mrs. Smith, with Mrs. Jones's baby in her arms, sought to quell the angry storm of words that was waged between them. Each of the gentlemen was the other's accuser, and each fully believed the other to be a double-dyed scoundrel. Jones clutched eagerly at his scion, and Smith so resolutely refused to allow him to touch it until his own precious daughter was restored to his parental arms. Then from words the gentlemen came to blows, when the bystanders interfered and the belligerents were separated.

Jones was hustled off to the other end of the building, and Smith remained with his wife and Jones's baby, and it was impossible to get from either, in their excited state of mind, anything like a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the contest.

How the matter would have terminated it is impossible to tell, had not a soldier who happened to be present, and who also had seen the changing of apparel by the mad woman in the Cairo depot, revealed what he knew of the cause, which revelation happily led to a satisfactory explanation between the gentlemen, and the next southern-bound train took them and the junior Jones back to Anna, where his juvenile habiliments were exchanged, where Smith recovered his daughter, where all laughed over the affair, and where Jones and Smith, leaving the two hopefuls in the care of good Mrs. Jones, spent the time until the train came along in sampling the stimulants of the good town of Anna.

MORAL—Never leave your children in the care of a stranger.

☞ The oldest lunatic on record:—Time out of Mind.

Louis Napoleon's Portrait of Cæsar.

To these natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty stature, and his finely modeled and well proportioned limbs, imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colorless, and his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth was small and regular, and his lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his face an expression of kindliness, while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; but in the busts that were made toward the close of his life, his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue.

His voice was sonorous and vibrating; his gestures noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease privations and fatigues. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labor, nor by excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions, once at Cordova and then at Thapsus, he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, or had the hairs plucked out; he brought forward artistically the hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness.

He was reproached with the affection of scratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with the laticlave, ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loins by a sash loosely knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Scylla was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing sash. He had a taste for pictures, statues and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus.

To sum up, there were found in Cæsar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the graces of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cæsar at the age of eighteen, when Scylla possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans, by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and, still more so, perhaps, to women.

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.—It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with a strong organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which, they appear to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger.—*Sportsman.*

☞ MATRIMONIAL.—"See, my love, here is the first garment made for you by your downy downy wifey's fairy fingers. It ought to seem to you different from all other shirts in the world." "So it does, my dear, indeed!" (Aside. "The bosom buttons are at irregular distances, and button over the wrong way; and the collar and wristbands are just the same size.")—*Prairie Chicken.*

☞ The London Athenæum says that "Ladies' heroes may be ranged in two principal divisions, gloomy mesmerizers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye, and irreclaimable scamps, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delightful instinct."

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Items.

It is stated that the late Mr. Goodrich, of Western New York, was engaged for fifteen years in his experiments with the potato, during which time he produced, mostly from the wild potato of South America, 15,000 different varieties, among which are the Garnet Chili,—at present the most popular variety,—the Cusco, Pink-eyed Rusticoat, Coppermine, &c.

"Iron Dish Cloths" are used in Switzerland, and a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who had learned their use from a Swiss, found some in New York among old iron, which he distributed among his friends in Ralston Spa, N. Y. They are made of rings of iron wire, No. 15, are about six inches square, with fifteen rings on one side. They are used for scouring kettles, inside and out, &c., &c.

Mr. Ira F. Prouty, of Keene, N. H., makes the following statement, in the *Cultivator*, as to the food and gain of a pig for eleven days. Five hours after feeding, the pig weighed 49 lbs. A mess was then prepared by cooking and mashing together 57 lbs. 4 oz. of potatoes, same weight of purple flat turnips, and 8 lbs. of meal, half corn, half buckwheat, which was fed all he would eat, three times a day. At the end of eleven days, the mess being all gone, the pig was again weighed, five hours after feeding, and had gained 9 lbs. in eleven days.

Rev. Dr. Williams, missionary to China, writes that the Chinese do not grow the cane to make sugar or syrup. They use the leaves for fodder, the stalks for fuel, and the seeds for meal or distillation, but fuel is too scarce and expensive to admit of boiling the juice profitably.

The correspondents of some of the agricultural papers are discussing the effect of powdered lime applied to mows of hay, especially in cases where the hay is so moist as to be liable to suffer from mouldiness, but without being able thus far to arrive at any well settled conclusion upon the subject.

The chemists say that there is more water in a pound of lean than in a pound of fat meat; and that the process of fattening consists, to a great extent, in the replacing of water by fat in the animal tissues.

The *Mark Lane Express* says the price of wheat, during the past year or two, has been lower in London than on any previous occasion in the present century, with two exceptions. The highest weekly average for 1864 was $1,22, and the lowest $1.13 per bushel.

A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* gives a careful account of the expense of raising an acre of corn fodder, which was kept into February, and consequently thoroughly dried, when he "considered it as costing about $16 per ton, estimated in bulk as hay."

Galvanized iron telegraph wire is recommended for clothes lines, because "it never rusts, never need be taken in, never breaks down," &c.

In Minnesota, as far north as 44 deg., sorghum is so generally grown that "some of the stores keep no other molasses for sale."

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has received strawberry plants by mail several times, but in no case has he succeeded in making them grow.

The report of the Secretary of War states that five hundred horses a day is the average wear and tear of the Federal service. There is no doubt that the war has seriously diminished the stock of horses in this country, and thus produced the high prices which now prevail. The number of horses in the loyal states at present is supposed to be 1,000,000 less than in 1861, when it was 4,199,141. The consumption of horseflesh in the army is literally immense, one animal being employed for every two men.

Caleb Canfield, of Livingston Co., Mich., writes the *Rural* that he has no such thing about him as lice on cattle, horses, hogs, hens, geese, neither ticks on sheep. His remedy is sulphur. To an ox, or cow, or hen, he gives a tablespoonful in their feed; to sheep less. He puts it in the coops of the fowls in small lumps. Feeds it once a month in winter, but not in summer, except to hogs. He gives his horned cattle and horses a spoonful of pulverized saltpetre in the month of March or April, and again, without fail, when he turns them out to grass. He also feeds his cattle and horses about a pint of flaxseed each once a month in winter.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

YEAST, HOME MADE.—Boil in two quarts of water, a handful of hops. Pare your potatoes, and boil in the same. When the latter are done, take out and mash well, mixing a tablespoonful of flour, (and salt if wished.) Strain the hop water, and pour over the whole, stirring the while. When nearly cool, add a cup of lively yeast, then place the jug near the stove for a couple of hours, when it will have risen sufficiently to carry down cellar or into the store closet. With us this has proved a never failing recipe.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

TO DESTROY ANTS.—The following suggestions are offered for the destruction of these pests:—The farmer is often annoyed by their depredations on his strawberry beds and garden patches. Sprinkling the bed thoroughly with loose dry salt will kill them. Kerosene oil will prove a perfect preventive to their encroachments on the domestic. The salt will prove an advantage rather than a detriment to the ground, while the kerosene, with the exception of its offensive scent, is perfectly harmless.

MACCAROONS.—One pound of blanched sweet almonds, and a handful of bitter; pound them in a glass mortar with rose-water, to prevent their oiling; beat to a stiff froth the whites of four eggs, stir into them one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and then mix in gradually the almonds; drop them on buttered paper, sift over them some sugar, and bake quickly without browning; leave them on the paper until cold.

TO PREPARE SYRUPS FOR CANDIES.—Confectioners purify the purest sugar. Dissolve two pounds of loaf-sugar in a pint of cold water, add the white of an egg, and beat the mixture well; when it boils up take it from the fire, and remove the scum; put it again on the fire, and when it boils up, throw in a little cold water; again take it off, and remove the scum; continue this until no scum rises; it will take but a few drops of water each time.

STRENGTH OF SYRUPS.—It is ascertained by experiments, that two pounds of sugar to a pint of water, is the proper strength of syrups; to prevent their working or candying. Of course the juice of fruit is to be taken into account in this rule; juicy fruit would need no water.

☞ In view of the number of women there, the Detroit Tribune exclaims: "What a splendid field for disappointed wooers."

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 94 letters.

My 88, 87, 29, 45, 90, 41, 79, 60, was a noted Indian chief.

My 50, 30, 90, 32, 73, 77, 75, 40, 94, 1, 23, was an ancient orator.

My 68, 48, 52, 3, 53, 20, 16, 26, 52, are very plentiful in cities.

My 69, 91, 19, 44, 22, 26, 70, 81, 80, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My 67, 61, 93, 56, 78, 9, 33, 77, 60, is the name of a College in New England.

My 17, 65, 63, 75, 32, is a modern humbug.

My 14, 28, 29, 75, 76, 42, 86, is a gentleman's name.

My 72, 13, 35, 75, 6, 54, is a near relative.

My 4, 19, 31, 21, 82, 47, 29, 38, 83, is a river in Canada.

My 39, 40, 54, 29, 60, 76, 80, 26, 78, are taking advantage of the times.

My 69, 28, 29, 60, 58, 70, 47, 67, is the hot-bed of treason.

My 12, 38, 50, 67, 87, 27, 76, 39, 68, is a military title.

My 74, 16, 30, 66, 64, is a river between England and Scotland.

My 11, 17, 23, 30, 32, 7, 32, 1, 94, is one of the United States.

My 88, 48, 2, 12, 14, 10, is the traveller's home.

My 27, 18, 65, 62, 31, 70, 21, 37, 60, was an eminent English poet.

My 61, 92, 63, 74, 28, 49, is a town in Texas.

My 52, 17, 46, 71, 80, 57, 29, 79, is a woman's name.

My 72, 85, 41, 75, 17, 9, 47, is a great tyrant.

My 2, 59, 18, 57, 29, 12, is a city surrounded by water.

My 8, 43, 4, 77, 58, 34, 67, 61, 55, is no longer ours.

My 89, 25, 31, 28, 64, 61, is a lake in New York.

My 24, 25, 33, 89, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 84, 24, 34, 69, 13, 15, is a firth in Scotland.

My 44, 36, 25, 43, is a river in England.

My whole is an extract from Burns.

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to change and shine,
Ever with varied play,
Keeps steps with progress, and is hailed
Where fashion wields her sway.
My second rules the world a space,
And then its mission done,
Is folded down for history,
As Time moves swiftly on.
My whole with impress fresh and clear,
Now enters on our ways,
To blend with sorrow, care, or joy,
Along life's tangled maze.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of meat.
My second is yourself.
My third is a kind of wood.
My whole is an animal.

Keokuk, Iowa. YATES.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three whole numbers: If we multiply the first and second of the numbers together, and divide by the third, the result will be the square of another whole number. If we multiply the first and third numbers together, and divide by the second number, the result will also be the square of another whole number, which is 2 more than by the former operation. And if we multiply the second and third numbers together, and divide by the first number, the result will also be the square of another whole number, which is again 2 more than by the second of these three different operations. What are those 3 numbers bringing such results, and what are those 3 numbers, (each successive one 2 higher than the preceding one,) whose squares are thus obtained by the results of the other? X.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body is projected vertically upward with a velocity of 1,000 feet per second. Required—the time that it will be 3,000 feet high.

GILL BATES.

Walnut Grove, Vinces Co., Illinois.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five equal circles touch each other externally, and cut off equal areas from a circle of 20 rods diameter. Required the radii of the equal circles when the aggregate quantity cut off by them is a maximum. WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ How long did Cain hate his brother? Ans.—As long as he was Abel.

☞ Why is a widow like growing potatoes? Ans.—Because her better-half is under ground.

☞ Why is a blacksmith like a safe stood? Ans.—Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a *mare horse.*

☞ Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Herodias; when she got a *head* of John the Baptist on a *charger.*

☞ When is a quarrelsome woman like a ship? Ans.—When she 'anchors ('*anchors*) after a storm.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE—Cowl, (owl, low, cow, wo.) CHARADE—Tub. CHARADE—Thinking, (thin-king.) CHARADE—Matilda, (May, till, day.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, published Jan. 28:—11.31373.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's, same date:—0.66145 feet.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's, same date:—2 years.